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JUNE 21, 1884

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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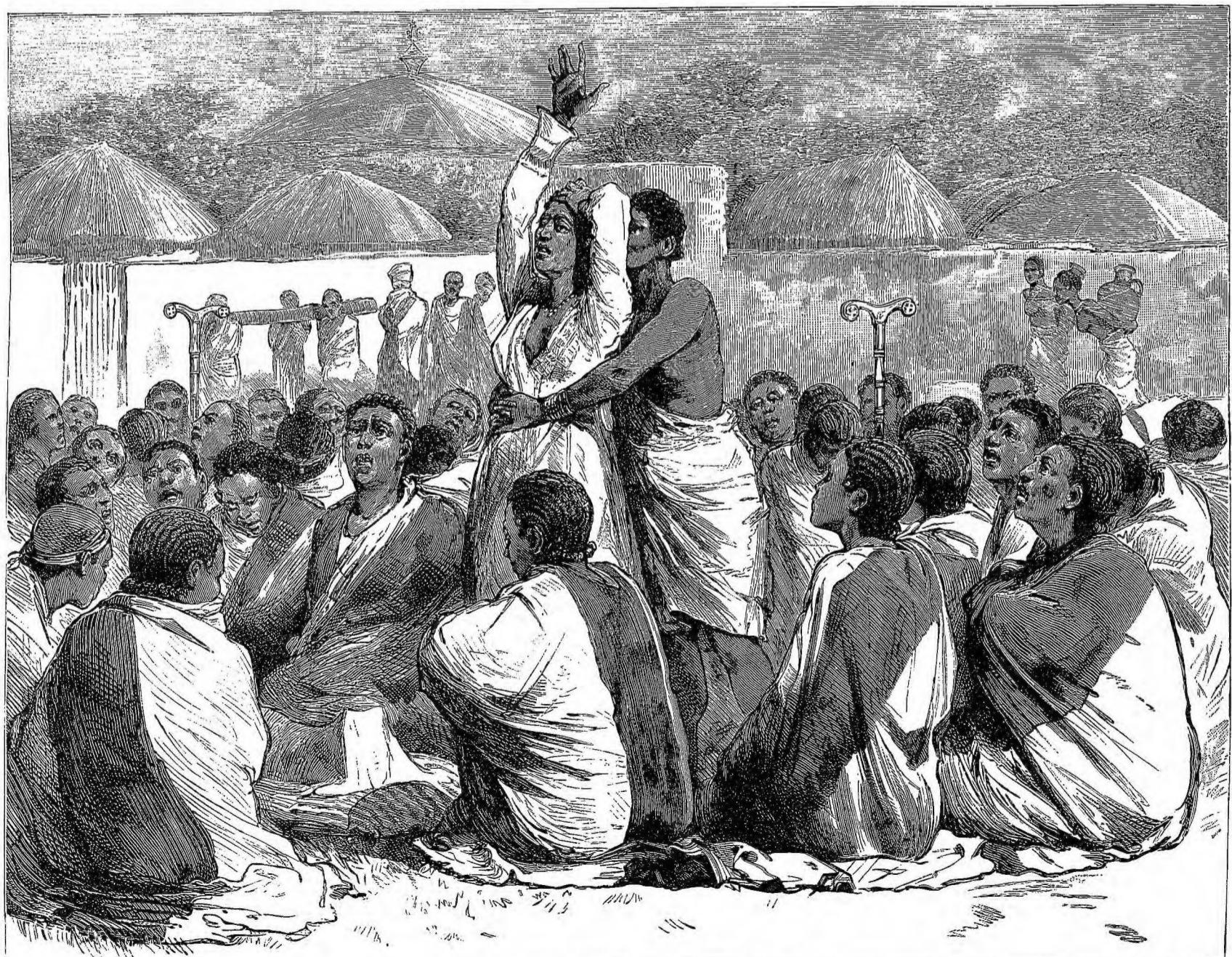
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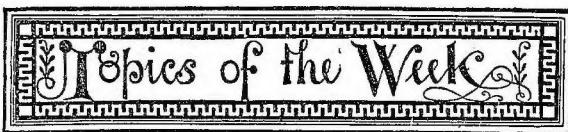


CAPTAIN TRISTRAM SPEEDY ARGUES WITH THE NATIVES IN THE AMHARIC TONGUE



AN ABYSSINIAN FUNERAL—A MOTHER BEWAILING HER INFANT

WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE AGREEMENT WITH FRANCE.—All sorts of contradictory reports have been current as to the agreement which has been arrived at by the English and French Governments, and which is now being considered by the other Powers. According to some authorities England has virtually consented to transfer her authority in Egypt to an International Board; according to others, the power of the International Board will be strictly limited, and as long as our troops remain in the country we alone shall be responsible for the reorganisation of the system of administration. By those who have full confidence in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry it is said that we may continue to occupy Egypt after January, 1888, if we obtain the assent of any one of the Great Powers. Those who are hostile or suspicious, on the other hand, contend that in January, 1888, any one of the Great Powers may compel us to withdraw, even if all the other Powers should be of opinion that we ought to remain. The truth seems to be that on this subject our instructors in the Press have not had access to the best sources of information, and that the facts will not be known until they are formally submitted to Parliament. The Government has itself to blame if most people are disposed to accept the least favourable accounts of its proceedings; for in its policy regarding Egypt it has shown so little firmness and consistency that neither friends nor enemies can at any time foretell with confidence the course it will pursue. Whatever concessions it may have made to France, it appears extremely doubtful whether it will secure the good will of the French people. The leading French journals daily lecture this country in a tone they have not adopted for many years; and some of them go so far as to say that nothing will ever induce France to consent to the reduction of the interest on the Egyptian debt. Should this prediction prove to be correct, it is hard to see what advantage will have been gained by the attempts that have been made to conciliate our "susceptible" neighbours.

THE DUTCH SUCCESSION.—It was natural that a semi-official disclaimer should have been given very quickly by the German Government to reports which described the Emperor as being interested in the Dutch Regency question. The recovery of the Prince of Orange from his illness will remove that question from the immediate preoccupation of the Dutch people; but unless the Prince marries and has a son, anxieties as to the future of Holland must continue to vex the Dutch for a long time—in fact, till the Princess Wilhelmine is herself married and has a male heir. The Princess is at present four years old. If her father and uncle were to die during her minority she would become Queen of the Netherlands—though not of Dutch Luxembourg, where the Salic law prevails—and a Regent would have to be appointed. The Liberal party in Holland would like to see this office conferred on a Dutch statesman, in fact, vest the Regency in the Prime Minister of the day; but the Conservatives have a feeling that this revival of the Stadholderate would be a step towards Republicanism. Some of them would therefore prefer to see Queen Emma become Regent, whilst others would favour the appointment of the Duke of Nassau, who represents the elder branch of the family from which the House of Orange sprang. There is no German party in Holland, nor is Germany likely to interfere so directly in the affairs of the country as to rouse the susceptibilities of the Dutch; but the appointment of a Regent under mere German patronage would be enough to excite commotion in France and Belgium, and to produce much uneasiness in England. As the candidature of a Prussian Prince to the throne of Spain sufficed to cause one of the chief wars of this century, the establishment of a German Prince as Ruler of Holland and her colonies would hardly be treated as of slight importance. It would be said that the German Regent was intriguing to get Queen Wilhelmine married to a Hohenzollern; there would be a Dutch marriage question as troublesome as the question of the Spanish marriages forty years ago; and the strife-brewers of Europe would turn all these complications to account. That is why Englishmen, in common with the Dutch, Belgians, and French, have a very strong interest in seeing no German Prince set up to govern the Netherlands.

IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.—In his vigorous speech on Monday, the Duke of Argyll had no difficulty in showing that the policy of the Government in Ireland has produced very different results from those which were anticipated. When Mr. Gladstone introduced the Land Bill, there can be no doubt he believed that it would pacify Irish tenants, and that at the same time Irish landlords would suffer no wrong. Neither of these expectations has been realised. Irish landlords find that their land has become unsaleable; and as for Irish tenants, they seem to be as dissatisfied as they ever were, although they are no longer able to give full expression to their discontent. Nevertheless, the country was not much impressed by the Duke of Argyll's eloquent denunciation; for it recognises the extraordinary complexity of the problem which the Government had to solve. Ireland was practically in a state of rebellion;

and no one pretended that force alone would have been an adequate remedy. It may be said that measures should have been taken for the establishment of a peasant proprietary, with proper compensation to landowners; but public opinion at the time was not ripe for this proposal. The Government did what, on the whole, appeared to most Englishmen to be best; and it cannot be severely blamed now if it has been less successful than it hoped to be. After all, if Mr. Trevelyan's Bill becomes law, it may be seen that Mr. Gladstone's Act has fulfilled a very useful function; for it is certain that, if that Act had not been in operation, Parliament would not have listened to such proposals as those which are now before it. The policy of the Government with regard to Irish land is still incomplete; and it cannot be fairly estimated until it can be studied as a whole.

HOME LESSONS.—The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench that it is optional with parents to permit or to disallow home lessons, will give satisfaction in thousands of humble households. As Mr. Justice Mathew said, the Education Acts form in themselves a statutory interference with the liberty of the subject, and it might give rise to monstrous tyranny on the part of teachers and managers were they allowed any latitude in construing the Code. To the average pedagogic brain at Board schools, education is a matter of "passes," "marks," and "standards," and the new system of payment by results renders this more the case than ever. But parents have to think of their children's future lives after leaving school, and it is small comfort for them to find themselves saddled with the maintenance of semi-imbeciles, "who distinguished themselves greatly at school." After all, the chief object of education in the lower grades of society is to help a child to earn a living in after life, and all the "passes" and "marks" in the world are simply worthless, from the parental standpoint, if they conflict with that purpose. It is not only at Board schools, however, that the tyranny of compulsory home lessons has come into existence. At voluntary schools, and even at a good many private schools, it may be found in active operation. In the first-named instance parents can, if they like, refuse obedience to the decree, but if they do, the odds are that their youngsters will be kept at school longer than the other pupils, on one pretext or another. This, it appears, is the method to which the Bradford Board have resorted, in the hope of evading the law. Children whose home lessons are properly prepared are allowed to leave school half an hour earlier than those who have failed to comply with that regulation, and a teacher stays with the detained pupils to see that they do not shirk the extra work.

THE COMMISSIONAIRES.—The presentation which was made to Captain Walter the other day was a well-deserved tribute. It is twenty-five years since the Corps of Commissionaires was instituted, but few people were aware until this week how many difficulties the founder had surmounted first in starting the corps, and then in bringing it to its present efficiency. Perhaps few people cared. To collect a number of old soldiers, to dress them up in uniform, and to recommend them for employment, may have seemed a work which any man of philanthropical disposition, and with plenty of time to spare, could perform; but to induce a large number of men in civilian employment to submit to military discipline, and to give pecuniary guarantees for their own trustworthiness by depositing a substantial share of their earnings regularly in a private Savings Bank, was by no means an easy task. We have grown so accustomed to trust the Commissionaires that we are apt to forget why we trust them. It is not because they are old soldiers that we believe in their sobriety and honesty, for unfortunately the peculiar way in which we recruit our army does not encourage the belief that every old soldier is necessarily above the temptations of a bottle or a cash-box. We trust the Commissionaires because they are men who have voluntarily placed themselves under a strict code of rules on purpose to win our confidence. To have created the *esprit de corps* which animates the admirable body of men whom Captain Walter commands is a most honourable achievement. It has been well said that every Commissionaire lives under a pledge to continue in those habits of subordination, smartness, and fidelity to which he was trained in the Queen's Service, and the public are bound to own that Captain Walter, in contriving how this pledge could be given and maintained, is entitled to national thanks.

THE MAHDI.—It is possible that we may soon have to face a danger in Egypt compared with which the difficulties we have hitherto had to encounter in that country will appear almost unimportant. The Mahdi, instead of losing his power, becomes more and more formidable, and the highest authorities are of opinion that he seriously intends to advance against Lower Egypt. If he does so, we cannot be certain that we shall have the sympathy of the Egyptian people, for they have so many causes of complaint against us that they may be disposed to welcome any one who will redress their grievances. That the Mahdi sincerely believes himself to have a divine mission there can be little doubt, and the fellahs are not likely to examine his credentials very closely if he appears to them to have a fair chance of success. Fortunately there are signs that the English Government has begun to realise the serious character of the task it may soon

have to undertake. On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone stated that "all questions relating to the probability of sending an expedition southwards in Egypt, and, among others, the question whether it would be expedient to construct a railway between Suakim and the Nile," had been carefully considered, and this has been generally interpreted to mean that the construction of the proposed railway will soon be begun. Should war with the Mahdi become inevitable, it is tolerably certain that the Government will find it impossible to insist on the final abandonment of the whole of the Soudan. Egypt cannot be safe if there is disorder among the wild southern tribes, and they can be controlled only by the establishment of some civilised authority in Khartoum. The Soudan itself would benefit even more than Egypt by such an arrangement, and Khartoum could be held without much difficulty if there were direct communication by a railway between Berber and the Red Sea coast.

THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY COLLECTIONS.—So far as the results are known, last Sunday's collections on behalf of the metropolitan hospitals appear likely to "beat record." Among some of the wealthier congregations at the West End, Hospital Sunday has come to be a sort of charitable Derby Day. An acute feeling of rivalry exists among them as to which shall head the list, and when once a church has reached a high place, it struggles desperately hard to maintain its footing. Yet, with all this, it cannot be said that the aggregate sum is anything like commensurate with the wealth of this mighty metropolis. Twice the present receipts would not be particularly generous, and even if thrice were put into the collecting plates and bags, modern Londoners would still be a long way behind those open-handed ancestors of theirs who endowed the great hospitals. How should we stand now, with our beggarly 30,000/- or 40,000/- a year from the Hospital Sunday Collections, if the munificence of our forefathers had not insured a splendid income to Guy's, Bartholomew's, and St. Thomas's? Even with that help, those noble institutions sometimes want money badly; while among the less wealthy and the unendowed hospitals there are many which, we fear, will have to close some of their wards during the present year. With such painful facts as these on record, it would savour of absurdity to make too much of the handsome sum collected at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Yet it is only just to remember that other congregations, quite as wealthy as that over which Canon Fleming presides, have not given anything near 1,087/-, the amount taken at St. Michael's. We might, indeed, specify some where the whole sum collected could have been given by half-a-dozen members of the congregation, without their missing it in any way.

THEFTS OF NEWSPAPERS.—It is to be hoped that the Post Office authorities will not say there is no way of preventing the thefts of newspapers which are being so much complained of. Quite a crowd of people have been writing to the papers to say that newspapers, and especially illustrated journals, sent by them to distant lands never reach their destination. This is a real hardship, for the receipt of a newspaper from home is always a precious boon to the Englishman in a far country. It often takes the place of a letter. The folk at home who cannot write a letter every week agree to send a newspaper regularly, by way of showing that all's well, and it is painful to think of the disappointment of emigrants in Australia or America waiting week after week for promised papers which have been stolen by rascals on the road. No doubt it is difficult to detect these newspaper thieves, but the difficulty should be taken in hand. The Foreign Office and the Colonial Office would, it may be supposed, get full assistance from the authorities in other countries; but if not, and if the Post Office be powerless to check an evil that appears to be on the increase, then the public ought to be plainly warned that the delivery of newspapers in distant countries cannot be guaranteed, and private enterprise may succeed in doing that which the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand are unable to perform. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that people who send newspapers to the other end of the world too often neglect to pay the proper postage. Some think that a halfpenny wrapper ought to carry a newspaper anywhere. Others are not scrupulous about putting several papers under one wrapper, and enclosing some letters besides. These want too much for their halfpenny.

VENTILATION OF THEATRES.—When the public first began to fret and fume at the faulty and insufficient ways of egress from theatres, the invariable reply of the delinquents was, "it cannot be helped." The resolute action of the Lord Chamberlain has shown, however, that it could be helped, and that, too, without any great expense or serious difficulty, except at one or two theatres, which ought never to have been allowed to be opened. Gratefully recognising the immense benefits resulting from his interference in that instance, we would now venture to suggest the better ventilation of theatres as another worthy labour. Even stall-holders often complain of the vitiated atmosphere which they are doomed to inhale, but their sufferings are as nothing to what the audience in the higher parts of the house have to endure. Among numbers of people, the "theatre headache" is a recognised malady; they know they will get it before setting forth to "enjoy" themselves, and have not long taken their seats

before the dread pain begins to rack their brows. During the remainder of the performance it continues to grow in intensity, and next day the victim still feels the consequences of "going to the play." Is this ordeal necessary? Has not the science of ventilation made sufficient progress to be able to devise arrangements by which every part of a theatre should be supplied with a reasonable amount of fresh air? In one or two instances an unscientific effort has been made, with the result of creating strong currents of wind, sometimes hot, sometimes cold, which are admirably adapted to increase doctors' profits. We do not wish for any more experiments of that sort; one experience is sufficient in this trying climate of ours. Nevertheless, the attempt was meritorious, so far as it afforded the first distinct recognition on the part of lessees that their patrons have lungs. The substitution of the electric light for gas is an improvement only so far as it diminishes the temperature, and gets rid of the noxious fumes from the other illuminating agent. But it does not carry off the air that has been breathed, and replace it regularly and steadily by fresh supplies from outside.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—Englishmen do not, as a rule, pay much attention to German newspapers, and at present this is perhaps fortunate, for the journals of the Fatherland, in discussing the policy of this country, have been using for some time decidedly plain language. Whatever may be the sentiments of Prince Bismarck, the German people are evidently keenly irritated against England; and it is to be feared that if our difficulties in Egypt were to increase they would not make the situation less unpleasant for us by the nature of their comments. We have no right to be surprised at their hostility; for, although the majority of the English people have a very friendly feeling towards Germany, the present English Government has been at no pains to conceal that it sets a much higher value on the goodwill of France than on that of France's foremost rival. That we ought, if possible, to maintain cordial terms with France, all Englishmen agree; but events will probably show that it is still more important for us to maintain cordial terms with Germany. Whether we like the fact or not, what the Germans are fond of calling the political centre of gravity has been definitely shifted from Paris to Berlin; and the German Government could at any moment make itself extremely troublesome to us. On the other hand, if we were always sure of its support, we should encounter few formidable difficulties in our foreign policy, since neither France nor Russia could venture in the last resort to oppose the combined forces of the strongest naval and the strongest military Powers in the world. What, after all, have we gained by showing deference to France and by slighting Germany? Everywhere the French have tried to get the better of us, and when English journals protest against their unfairness their only answer is that we have no friends, and must not do anything to risk the loss of French sympathy.

HOWLING DOGS.—If Mr. D'Eyncourt is rightly reported to have said that a man can be prosecuted for keeping a dog which howls to the disturbance of his master's neighbours, we are afraid he is wrong in his law; and he will have encouraged a number of unneighbourly persons to enter into vexatious quarrels with those who live next door to them. A howling dog is a great nuisance, so is a loud-crowing cock, so is a badly-played piano; and schoolboys home for the holidays are the worst nuisance of all to those who take no family interest in their noise and their pranks. But dwellers in cities must bear and forbear. A man may be prohibited from keeping two howling dogs, because two dogs are not necessary to his protection; but no existing law can debar him from keeping one dog, and if the brute howls and barks in discharge of his duty as sentry, what is to be done—so long as burglars fear the yelping dogs most? These poor creatures are our four-footed police, and that they do much to keep our houses safe is acknowledged without any professional jealousy by their colleagues of the biped force. We are not saying that a man whose nerves are worried by the noise of his neighbour's dogs, cocks, cats, or children ought to have no remedy. Carlyle suffered acutely from some fowls kept within earshot of his study, and it would have been a public misfortune if the owner of these birds had refused to part with them when he was told what misery they inflicted. People ought to be neighbourly, but it must not be forgotten that, while some persons whose occupations demand quiet are entitled to every consideration when they complain even of little noises, others too frequently object to the natural hubbub of domestic life out of pure cantankerousness. The man who dislikes his neighbour will be disposed to hate his neighbour's dog, and call him a howler without much thought as to whether he is bearing false witness.

THE GREAT INDIAN MOUSE.—If the enterprising Barnum had secured a specimen of the Great Indian Mouse, instead of the little spotted elephant that John Bull voted a humbug, he might have caught the Britishers handsomely. On the other hand, Young Taloung was quite an inexpensive animal to keep in comparison with the other rarity. At least, so it would appear from the defence raised in a Punjab Court a few weeks ago. The prosecution was in the name of the Empress, but the real plaintiff had a local habitation and a name as a grain dealer in the bazaar. Gradually

there grew upon him, in the course of his business, a painful suspicion that his store of barley was mysteriously diminishing. There being no "sperrits" in those parts, and the Punjabi cat having no taste for grain, he suspected human dishonesty to be at the back of the business, and forthwith instituted a close examination of his premises. Behind them stood a Hindoo temple, of which a highly respectable cleric named Murli Das was the custodian, and on that side, therefore, the premises were quite safe. Yet, odd to say, on that very side did the grain dealer find a large hole through the wall of his house, and, what was even more to the point, the missing barley, weighing nearly twenty-three hundred-weight, was found in the temple. The case certainly looked black against Mr. Murli Das, but he proved equal to the occasion. He admitted that the grain did not belong to him, and also the probability that it had come through the hole in the wall. But what of that? Were there not many mice in the land, and was not the Punjab variety known to be a most predacious creature? "It was all the doing of some unscrupulous mouse," said the virtuously indignant Murli Das. The magistrate refused, however, to believe the artless tale—having probably heard of the paymaster who accounted for a deficiency of some thousands of rupees by saying "the white ants must have taken them"—and the gentle Hindoo had to pay a heavy fine for the freaks of the Great Indian Mouse.

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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cooks, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The SUMMER SERVICE OF PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON TO SCOTLAND is now in operation.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston Station).	dep. 5.15	7.15	10.0	8.0	8.50
Edinburgh.	arr. 4.10	5.50	7.55	10.0	6.20
Glasgow.	arr. 4.20	6.0	8.0	10.15	6.35
Greenock.	arr. 4.20	7.15	9.5	11.42	7.50
Oban.	arr. 4.30	7.50	9.5	11.45	8.15
Perth.	arr. 5.00	7.30	9.35	11.50	8.15
Dundee.	arr. 5.30	—	10.30	1.0	9.0

Aberdeen 10.10 — — 3.20 11.40 2.15

Inverness 8.00 — — 8.00 6.20 6.20

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night (Saturdays excepted), and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards.

From the 14th July to the 11th August (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional express train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. The train will convey special parties, horses, and carriages.

A Does not run to Greenock or Oban on Sunday mornings.

B Does not run beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow on Sunday mornings.

Day saloons fitted with lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10.0 a.m. down express train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 1s. for each berth.

CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

The line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of up train service from Scotland to London, see the Companies' time bills.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager, London and N.W. Railway.

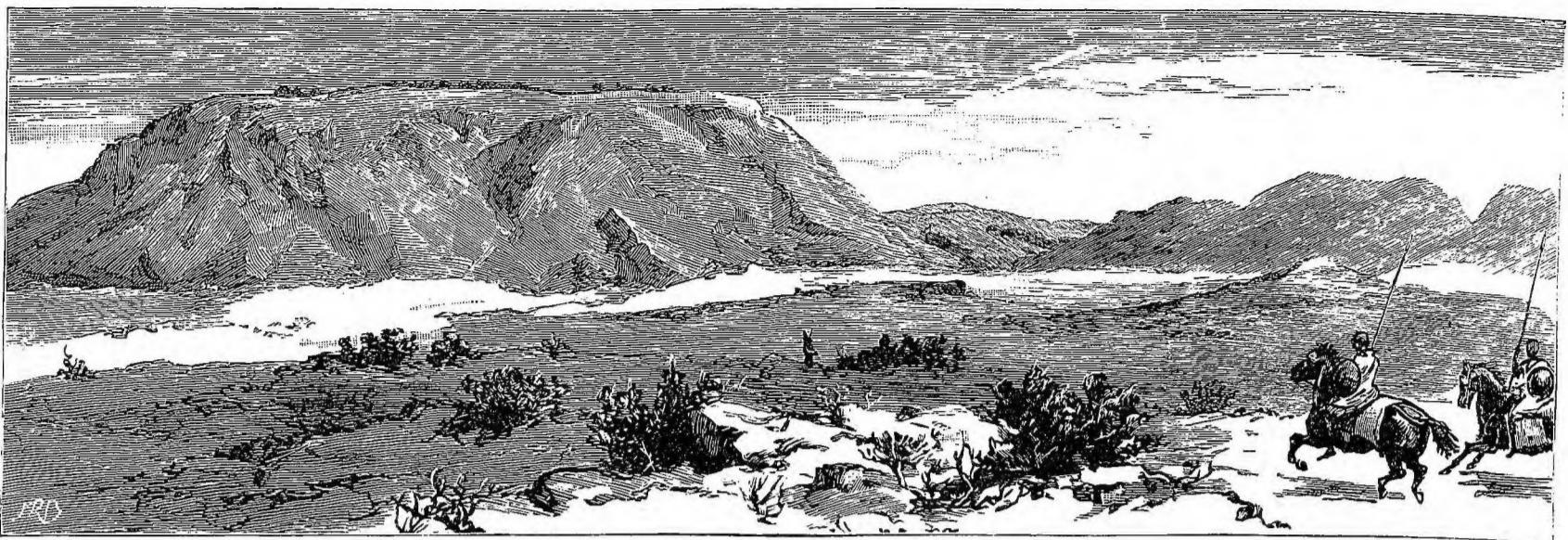
J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

June, 1884.

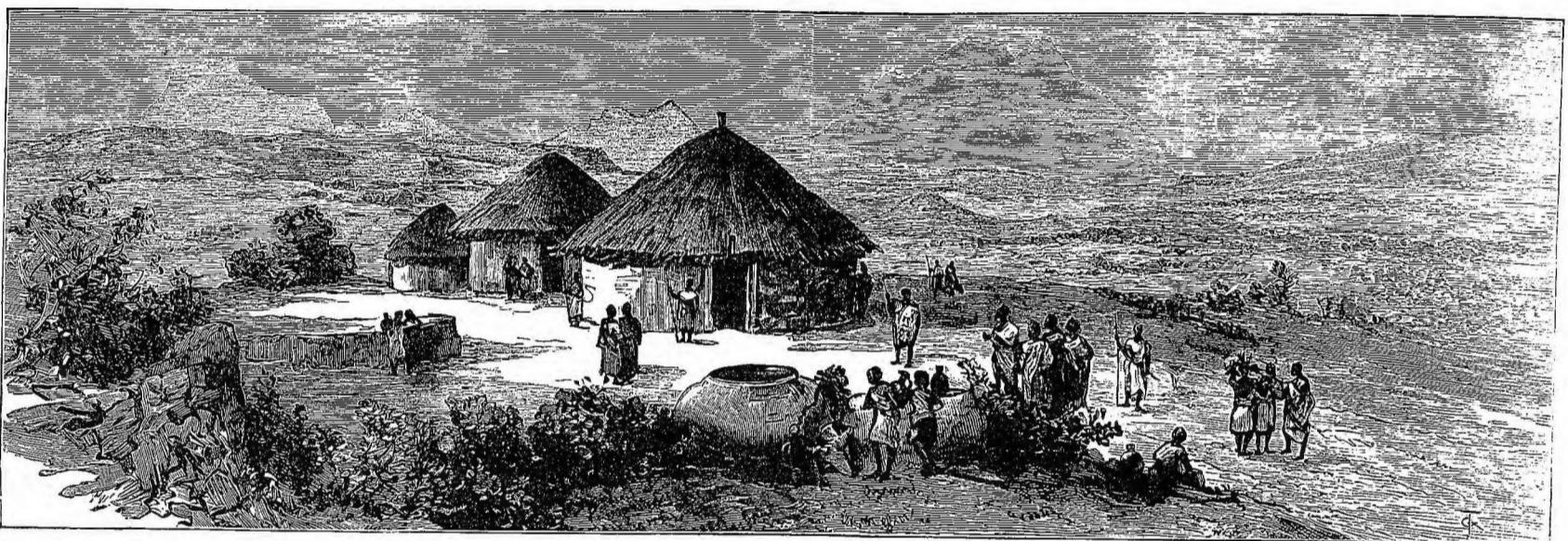


WITH ADMIRAL HEWETT'S MISSION TO ABYSSINIA

OUR sketches this week from our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, need little explanation. King John's Palace at Adowa does not impress one with the beauty of Abyssinian architecture, being a house or hut superior to those of his subjects, and thatched with straw. Adowa itself, however, though practically the capital of Abyssinia, is in no way imposing, being little more than a collection of native hovels. The town, however, is one of the most busy in Abyssinia, and is prettily situated. There is a small extent of well cultivated fields around it, and on one side an extensive marsh, the head of a small and turbulent river which runs at the foot of the buildings. Adi Teeklar, the stronghold of the chief, Ras Allula, who convoyed the Admiral and his staff to Adowa, is situated on the summit of a rocky eminence, and consists of a street of huts and the Ras's own compound. "Ras Allula's dwelling," the *Daily News* correspondent writes, "differs from the rest, for the circular wall is made of rough stakes of wood bound together and laced with brambles, the interior draped with white linen." There, on an ottoman, the Ras receives his visitors, the hut being filled with smoke from a smouldering fire in the centre of the

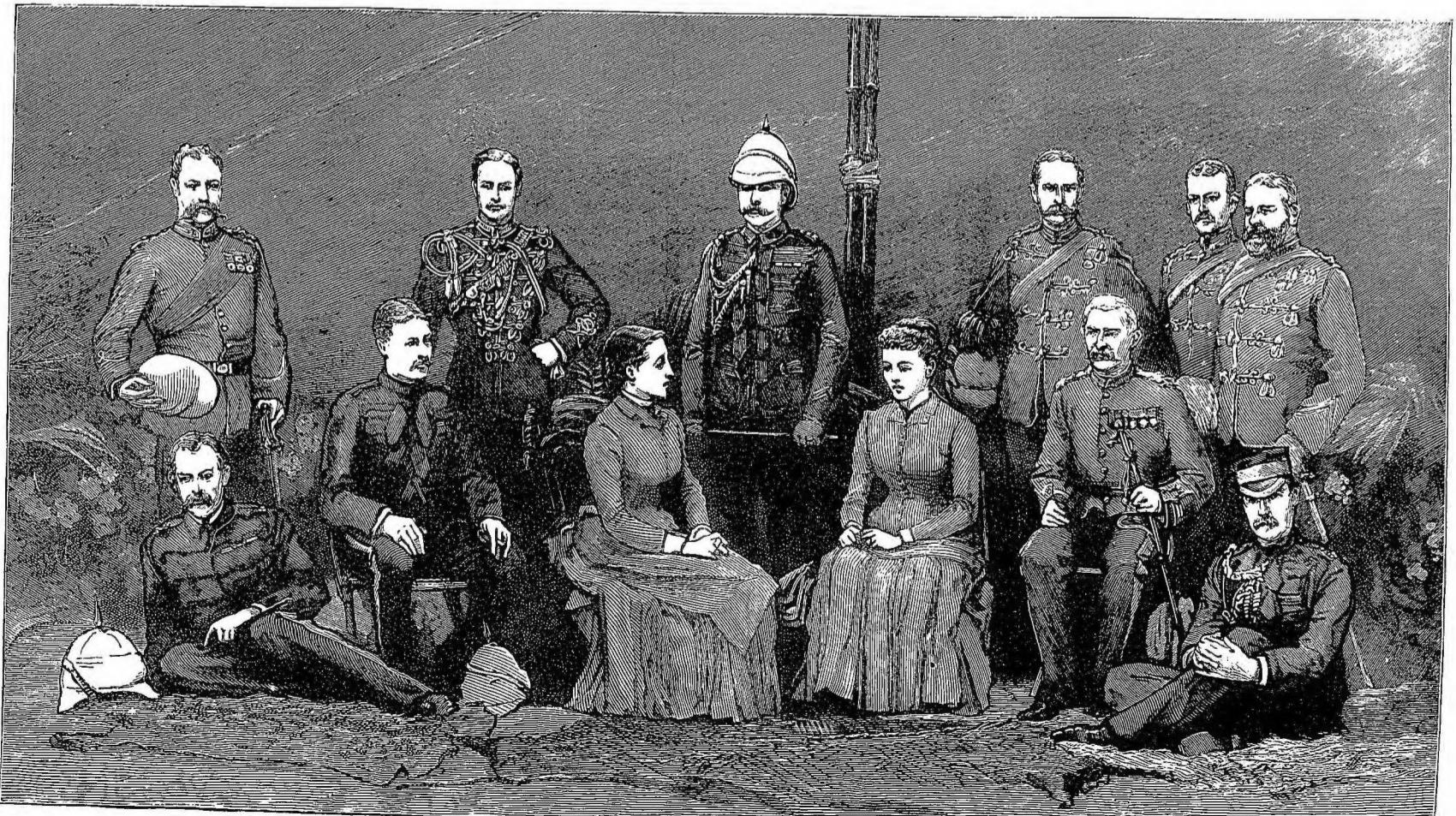


ADI TEEKLAR, RAS ALLULA'S STRONGHOLD

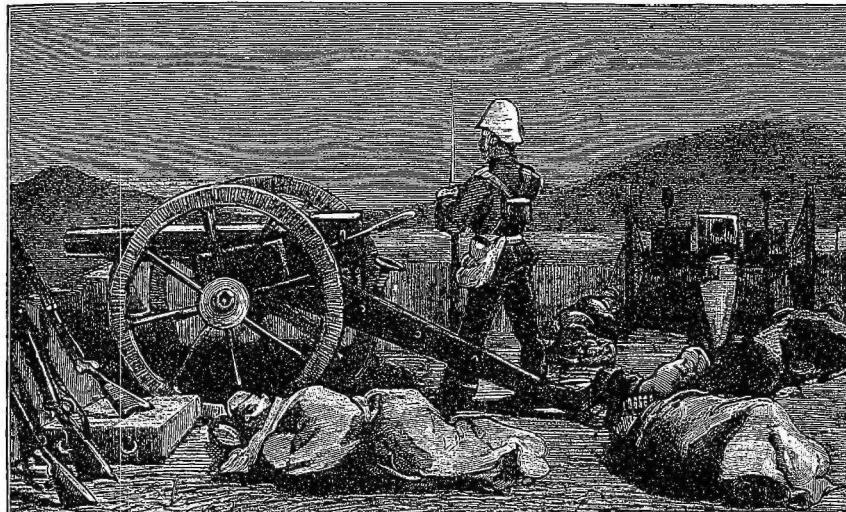


KING JOHN'S PALACE AT ADOWA

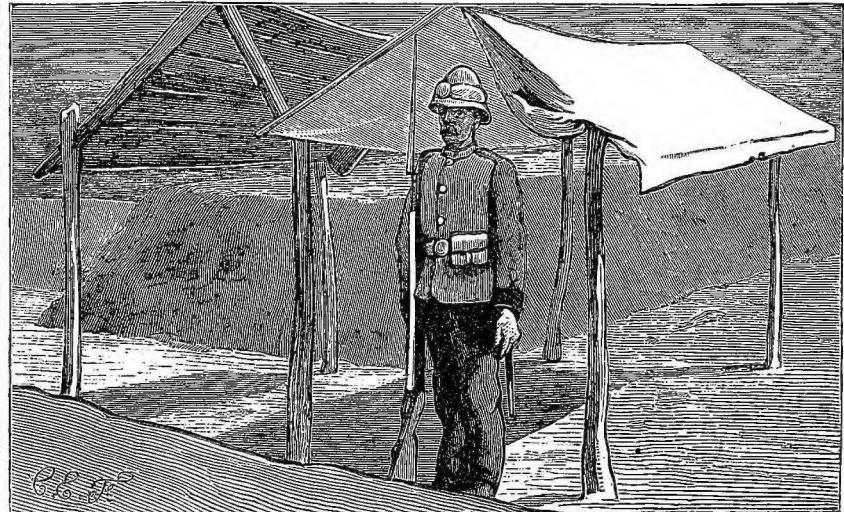
WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



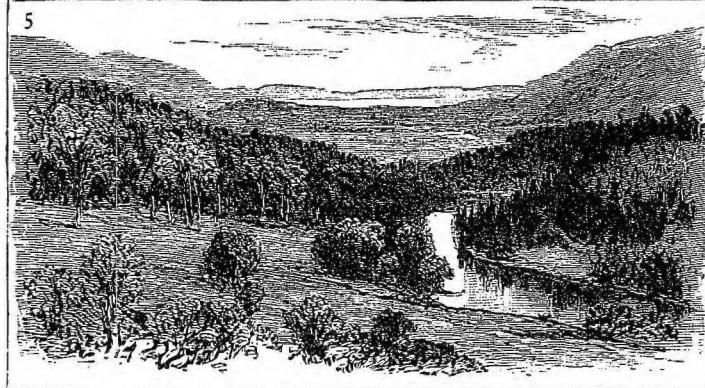
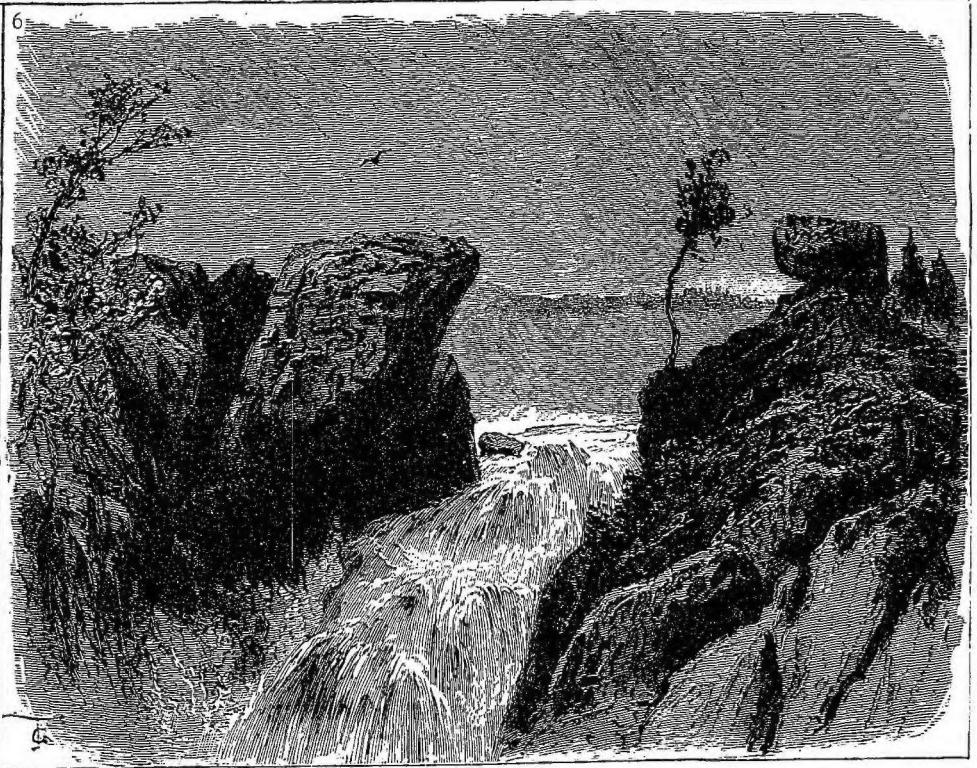
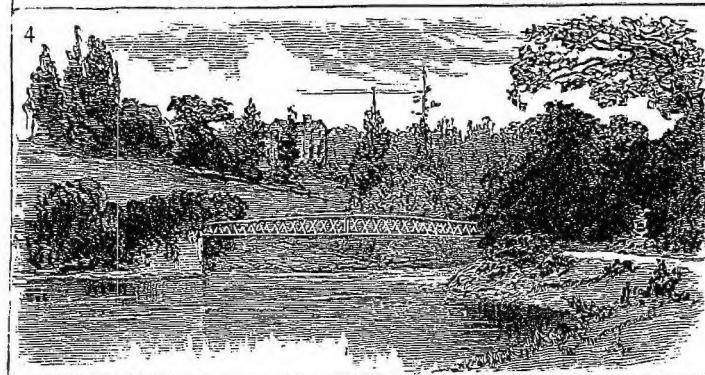
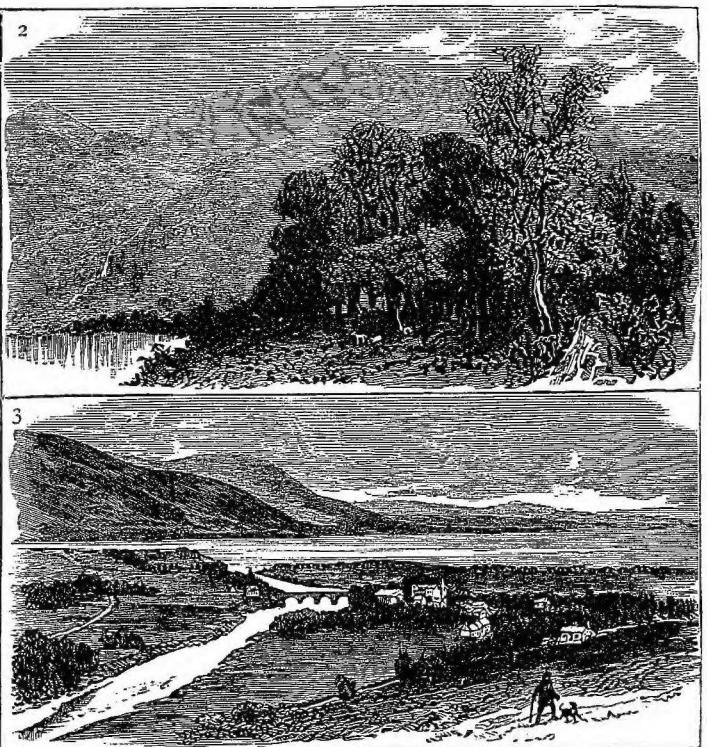
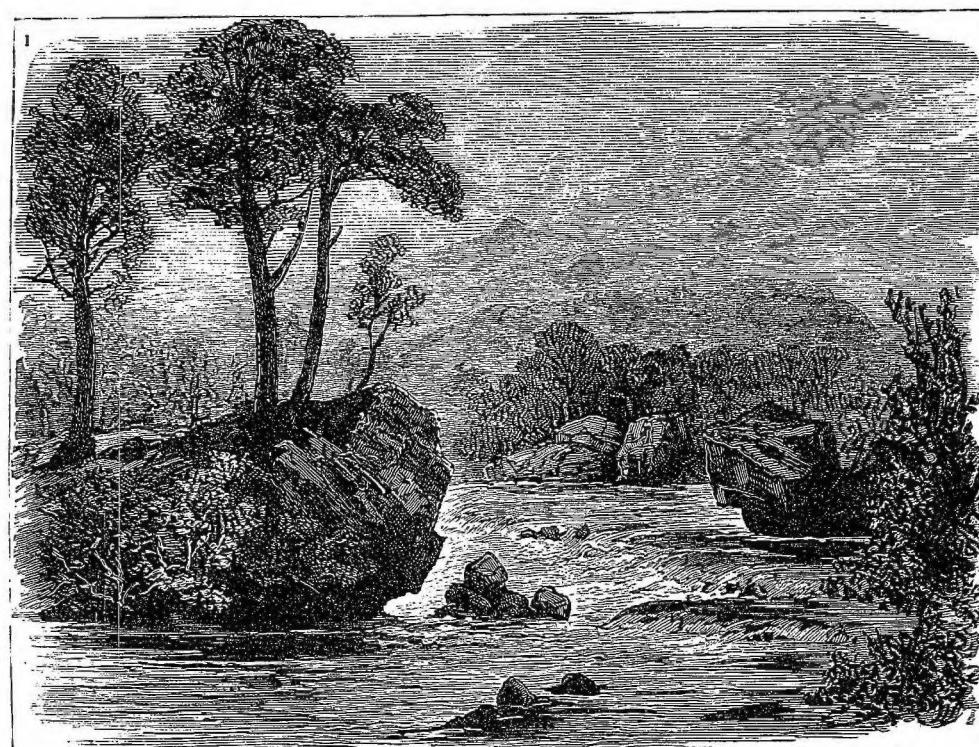
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT MEERUT, INDIA
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



AT THE BLOCK-HOUSE TO PROTECT THE WELLS



HOW WE TAKE CARE OF OUR SENTRIES IN FORT "EURYALUS"

WITH THE BRITISH GARRISON AT SUAKIM
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER

1. The Peak of Schiehallion, seen from the Bifurcation of the Tummel River.—2. The Woods of Crossmount, and Peak of Schiehallion from the Gorge below the Terraces of Dunalastair.—3. Village of Kinloch Rannoch, Loch Rannoch in the Distance.—4. Iron Bridge over the River Tummel.—5. Valley of the Tummel from Crossmount Woods, Loch Rannoch in the Distance.—6. Falls of the Tummel, Dunalastair.

our artist, "he dons the garb of the Abyssinians, whose language he speaks fluently."

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING,
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT MEEKUT,
AND
GUARDS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL
See page 601.

NOTES AT SUAKIM

ONE of our sketches represents a sentry at Fort Euryalus, which, since the defence of the town has been practically undertaken by the British, has formed the head-quarters of the Marines on shore. The second illustration was taken from the officers' tent in a small outwork surrounding a stone blockhouse in the course of construction. The little outpost consisted of a subaltern and twenty-five Royal Marines. Although an attack was expected from Osman Digma, and it was a moonlight night at the time, nothing was seen of the enemy. "The country," writes the artist, "was beautifully open all round, and especially favourable for sentries. This blockhouse is only about 150 yards from the wells."

THE VALE OF RANNOCH, PERTHSHIRE

THIS picturesque district is reached from the little station of Struan, on the Highland Railway (39½ miles from Perth), at which point the scenery becomes wild and mountainous. After skirting the lofty spurs of the Glengarry mountains, and passing the little hamlet of Trinafour, and crossing a rude stone bridge over a cataract of the Erichdie Water, a magnificent view is obtained of the Valley of the Rannoch, with Loch Rannoch in the far distance, and the hills known as the "Shepherds," which overlook the celebrated Vale of Glencoe. To the south, and dominating the whole scene, rises the lofty quartz peak of Schiehallion, to a height of 3,542 ft., which towers above the beautiful woods of Crossmount, facing the Mansion of Dunalastair, the seat of Major-General A. M. Macdonald, commanding the military forces in Scotland. Our illustrations, from photographs and from water-colour sketches by Major J. H. Laurence Archer, will give an idea of the scenery of this charming vale, through which the River Tummel forces a passage from Loch Rannoch, at the pretty village of Kinloch Rannoch. For a short distance its banks become contracted between the crowded and rocky heights of Crossmount and Dunalastair, and there it is spanned by the iron bridge shown in one of our sketches. This bridge was erected by General Macdonald, to connect Dunalastair with Crossmount. A glimpse of Crossmount House is seen amongst the trees. The river, however, almost immediately broadens out under the towers and terraces of Dunalastair, in a sheet of water called the Dubh or Black Lin, from its inky appearance when viewed from a height. Near there is a spot known as Macgregor's Leap, from the tradition that the famous outlaw, Rob Roy, by a daring spring from the precipitous rocks above, alighted on a ledge of rock, from which he crossed the river and eluded his pursuers. There, also, are the remains of a cottage where Robert Bruce is said once to have found an asylum. Continuing its course through precipices and richly-wooded heights, the Tummel makes a magnificent plunge (Eas-a-Cleavan) amid dark masses of rock into a deep lin. This is shown in our last sketch. From thence the river flows into Loch Tummel.

Our first sketch shows the peak of Schiehallion from the bifurcation of the river, immediately below the falls, slightly in front of which is a remarkable rock called the Sphinx's Head. The group of Scotch firs is on an islet in the river.

The village of Kinloch Rannoch, shown in another engraving, is pleasantly situated about twelve miles from Struan, and eighteen miles from Aberfeldy, on the eastern extremity of Loch Rannoch. The houses and cottages are for the most part new, and in the central square is a granite obelisk erected to the memory of Dugald Buchanan, the well-known Gaelic poet. There are many objects of interest in the neighbourhood, which affords plenty of field for the labour of the mineralogist, botanist, and entomologist. The loch itself is about twelve miles long by two and a-half miles broad, and affords good sport for the fisherman.

ON THE WAY TO AN INDIAN HILL STATION

OUR engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Harcourt, and illustrate views on the way from Simla through the Hill States to the hill station of Dalhousie. First, we have a hut near Menali, in the forest of Doongri, situated in the Kulu country. The valley of Kulu is exceedingly picturesque, and is entered from the Mundi State by a high pass (the Bubboo), which is over 10,000 feet in height. The mountains in Mundi are particularly bleak, while in Kulu they are richly forested, and forest scenery prevails on the Kulu side of the pass. Sketch No. 2 shows the magnificent view from the hill station of Dalhousie, which is situated at a height of some 7,000 feet. The house in the distance is the Dalhousie residence of the Chumba Resident. Dalhousie is perhaps one of the most beautiful as it is certainly the healthiest of all the Himalayan hill stations, and consequently it is understood that it has been selected for the future summer residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Another hill station is shown in No. 3—that of Dhurmsala, situated at a height of 6,000 feet. This is not far from Kangra fort, and is in the hill state of Chumba, the Rajah of which has an income of about 25,000/- a year. He owns a large territory, but except in certain localities the hills are bare and rugged. The capital town, Chumba, is prettily situated in a hollow, surrounded by leafy hills, and is very hot in the summer months. The Kangra valley is famed for its tea plantations. The "fort" shown in our sketch has a garrison of British and Ghoorka troops. There is a native tradition that whoever holds Kangra fort retains the supremacy in India.

VIEWS IN TAHITI

THE recent visit of Queen Marau, of Tahiti, to Paris, has created some little interest in this lovely island, which readers of Captain Cook's voyages may remember was discovered by him in 1767, and now, thanks to missionary quarrels, rejoices under the aegis of a French protectorate, although there is a nominal king, Pomare V., and a Native Legislature. Our views of the island are from water-colour sketches by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, who has written an interesting account of a visit to the island in her work, "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man of War." The capital of Tahiti is Papeete, where there is a good harbour. On a height above the town is a semaphore station, where a look-out is kept for vessels, and whence, as may be seen in our engraving, a magnificent view is obtained of the island of Moorea or Eimeo. Papeete is described by Miss Cumming as a pretty little town. "Its simple village streets are all laid out as boulevards, and form pleasant shady avenues, the commonest tree being the pretty yellow hibiscus, with the claret-coloured heart so common in Fiji, where it is called surya. Here its name is booran." The shadiest and widest street is the Chinese quarter, but the pleasantest buildings are those which face the harbour, and catch the sea breeze. There is a considerable foreign population, including a large staff of French officials—the native population is about 8,000. The Tahitian character is exceedingly lighthearted and versatile; they are exceedingly fond of singing and dancing, and their *himenes*, or national chants, are particularly characteristic.

One illustration represents a *himene* witnessed by Miss Cumming at a village called Hitiaa. She writes:—"I wish it were possible for me to describe Tahitian *himenes* so as to give you the faintest shadow of an idea of their fascination. But the thing is utterly impossible. Nothing you ever heard in any other country bears the slightest resemblance to these wild, exquisite glees, faultless in time and harmony, although apparently each singer introduces any variations which occur to her or him. The musicians sit upon the grass or the mats, as the case may be, in two divisions, so as to form two squares. A space is left between them, where the conductor, should there chance to be one, walks up and down directing the choruses." One voice commences with a solo, and then the others strike in in harmonious chorus.

As we have said, the present King of Tahiti is Pomare V., the eldest son of the late Queen Pomare, who died in 1877, at the age of sixty-five, after a long reign, much embittered by the galling tutelage of the French. Before he ascended the throne, Pomare V., then Prince Ariane, had married Miss Marau Salmon, the daughter of Arotaimai, a high chieftainess of Tahiti, and Mr. Salmon, an Anglo-Jewish gentleman. Miss Salmon was sent to Australia to be educated, and on her return to Tahiti the heir-apparent fell in love with and married her, but, from all accounts, the marriage does not appear to have been domestically felicitous. Queen Marau, whose recent visit to Paris created much interest in French circles, is about five-and-twenty years of age, and is an excellent musician. She travelled practically incognito, as plain Madame Salmon, and was accompanied by her little son. Our other portrait represents the Queen's eldest sister, Tetuanuireiauteriatea, or as she is more familiarly known, Titaua. At the age of fourteen she married a wealthy Scotch merchant, Mr. Brander, who died in 1877. She has now married again. Our portrait of Queen Marau is from a photograph by Van Bosch, 35, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris. Those of Pomare V. and Queen Pomare IV. are from photographs by S. Hoare, Papeete, Tahiti.

A DANCE ON BOARD SHIP

THERE is little that so rejoices the heart of an English community in a foreign or colonial seaport town as the arrival of a British vessel of war. A long vista of picnics and *fêtes* ashore, of return balls and concerts on board is opened, the men look forward to spells of "gup" with the officers, the ladies to good partners in the last new waltz, and a reasonable modicum of flirtation. Our illustration, from a sketch by Mrs. A. M. Brackenbury, represents an afternoon dance given by the Admiral on the station on board H.M.S. *Audacious* at Hong Kong in February last.

Mrs. Brackenbury writes:—"The quarter-deck was covered in with flags forming a tent for the dancing, and in the centre an ingenious contrivance, a fountain, played a cooling accompaniment to the band. Real rocks and ferns were placed around the jet, and the effect was fairy-like. A diver's dress and helmet were inflated and stood as a sentinel at the gangway holding a silver tray with refreshments and dance programmes. It was very cleverly got up to represent Neptune, and 'he' held a beautifully gilded trident in his grasp.

"As it grew dark a splendid star of electric light shone out, accompanied by innumerable satellites all round the ship and on the masts. The effect was quite magical, and not a little startling to those not expecting such a surprise. Dancing was kept up with much spirit till eight o'clock, when 'God Save the Queen' announced the time for departure and dinner at home."

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 605.

AN AMERICAN ART COLONY

See page 607.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

MR. J. G. BROWN in this picture has given us a true Darby and Joan—a worthy old couple who have braved all the vicissitudes of life together—bearing and forbearing with each other's little foibles until they have reached a comfortable old age. And very comfortable and happy the pair look; indeed, judging from the pleasant expression on the old dame's face, there seems to be as much harmony now between them as when, half a century ago, they wandered sweet-heating together through the lanes. Perhaps—for the scene is laid across the Atlantic—those lanes were in the "Old Country," and mayhap Joan is recalling some well-remembered incident long before they had begun their new life in the New World.

"THE SOCIETY WAR GAME"

OUR readers need hardly be told of this yearly spring campaign which takes place during that period which we Londoners are wont to term the "Season," a campaign, according to the views of our artist, carefully conducted against the hearts of eligible bachelors by General Mamma and her bevy of daughters. No war game is ever more carefully planned—no strategical movements more diplomatically considered than the preliminaries of such a campaign. Our lady novelists with caustic charity have laid bare all the wily manœuvres with which match-making mothers are generally accredited, and if all that they tell us is true, it is a puzzle to us how any "eligible" man ever maintains his bachelorhood—particularly if the Mamma's Amazonian *corps d'armée* are as fascinating as those whom our artist has depicted. Their efforts, as we see, were crowned with success, and Mamma's energy set free to be devoted to the "infantry in reserve."



ON TUESDAY, for the first time since the death of the Duke of Albany, the Prince of Wales made his appearance in public, formally inaugurating, as President of the Health Exhibition, the work of the International Juries. After a short speech of welcome by the Duke of Buckingham, Sir James Paget delivered an address on the connection between health and work. The foreign and English Commissioners and Chairmen of Juries having been presented to the Prince, His Royal Highness briefly and gracefully congratulated the promoters of the Exhibition on its success and promise, and, in responding to a vote of thanks proposed by the French Ambassador, thanked him and his colleagues for their presence on the occasion, and the Lord Mayor, as representing the City of London, for all that the City and Guilds of London had done to promote the success of the Exhibition.

AS A SUPPLEMENT to other precautions against the attempts of dynamitards on Government offices, a cordon of constables has been placed round those in Whitehall and its vicinity.

THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS has been conferred on M. Waddington, the French Ambassador in London, by the University of Cambridge, His Excellency's *alma mater*.

ADDRESSING A CONSERVATIVE MEETING at Aylesbury, on Wednesday, and reviewing the course of events in Egypt, Lord

Randolph Churchill condemned the policy and conduct of the Government from first to last. They had begun by misunderstanding and suppressing the movement under Arabi, which in its origin was one for popular and national freedom. They had then restored a corrupt Government, and announced their intention of leaving the Egyptians to stew in their own juice, a policy which has produced all that has since happened in Egypt. As regarded the future, while protesting against the doctrine (Lord Salisbury's) that the empire must either grow or decay, Lord Randolph said that the Government had practically annexed Egypt, and that although it might be, and ought to be, dismissed from office, that annexation could not be undone. Egypt must be governed for the sake of the Egyptians and for an indefinite period by England alone, without the participation of any other Power, though with the acquiescence of Europe at large.

THE ELECTORAL CONTEST AT LINCOLN ended last week with the victory of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Ruston, the head of a local firm of engineers, by a majority of 971 over the Conservative candidate, Mr. Hall. The numbers were 3,234 to 2,263. Thus a Liberal succeeds a Liberal. At the General Election in 1880 the unsuccessful Conservative candidate, Mr. Edward Chaplin, polled 2,190, and the two successful Liberal candidates, Mr. Seely and the late Mr. J. H. Palmer, 3,401 and 3,128 votes respectively.—Mr. J. H. McCarthy, Mr. Parnell's candidate, and son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, has been returned unopposed for Athlone.

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Newspaper Press Fund, Lord Hampden, while expatiating on the usefulness and the progress of British journalism, incidentally expressed his surprise that special correspondents were not more employed in the Colonies. He threw out the remark because he believed that letters from the Colonies in English newspapers would tend to draw them still closer to the mother country.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, M.P., has accepted the Presidency of the Social Science Association for the ensuing year.

AT A CROWDED PUBLIC MEETING held in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, under the auspices of the London Municipal Reform League, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., presiding and speaking, resolutions in favour of the London Government Bill were carried, and an amendment approving of the counter scheme of separate municipalities in the metropolis was all but unanimously rejected.

THE MOVEMENT TO CHECKMATE THE LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL by a demand for the establishment of separate municipalities in the metropolis has extended to Westminster, where a public meeting was held last week in favour of a charter of incorporation for that great borough. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., was one of the speakers in support of the scheme, with Lord George Hamilton, M.P., and Lord Algernon Percy, M.P. An amendment in favour of the London Government Bill was rejected by a large majority.

WEDNESDAY being the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo there was the usual decking with laurel of the colours of the regiments which took part in it, and the hearse in which the remains of the great Duke of Wellington were borne to St. Paul's was decorated with laurel and immortelles.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has sanctioned the attendance at Aldershot in August of about 15,000 Volunteers, to be drilled with the regular troops there, and also in the same month that of a limited number of Engineers in camp at Chatham, when and where they will be instructed in military engineering.

ON SATURDAY the Duke of Cambridge also presided over a meeting at the United Service Institution, which was attended by military and naval officers of rank and distinction, to present, on the part of both services, a testimonial to Captain Walter in recognition of his successful exertions as the founder, organiser, and first Commandant of the Corps of Commissionaires. The presentation of the testimonial, a handsome piece of plate, which cost 450/-, was preceded by a complimentary speech from the Duke of Cambridge, suitably acknowledged by Captain Walter, Lord Napier of Magdala also bore testimony to the value of Captain Walter's labours.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES themselves had quite a field day on Sunday. The proceedings began with an inspection of about a thousand members of the Corps, two-fifths of the whole, by Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, involving many pleasant recognitions by officers present of men who had served under them. Sir P. Grant then made a brief congratulatory speech to the Corps and its founder, Captain Walter, who responded suitably, and who, after an open-air religious service, gave at a meeting of the Governors of the Corps an interesting account of its progress and condition.

TOWARDS THE CLOSE of last and at the beginning of this week the peace of Lichfield was disturbed by a collision between the townspeople and officers and men of the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry, leading indirectly to the death of their Colonel, Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., under the circumstances referred to in our obituary notices. The disturbances began at the performance of *Princess Ida* on Friday. On Saturday night some of the officers disfigured the statue of that illustrious native of Lichfield, Dr. Johnson, and as a consequence came into collision with the police. Resenting these proceedings, and anticipating a renewal of them, the townspeople assembled in considerable numbers in the streets on Sunday night, and were being charged by the Yeomanry at the time of the intervention of Colonel Bromley-Davenport, under whose command the regiment was in Lichfield for its annual week's training. The training concluded on Tuesday with a review at which Lord R. Kerr, addressing the officers and men, praised the latter for their soldierlike conduct in giving way under great provocation, and returning to their billets when ordered. On the same day a Court of Inquiry, ordered by the War Office, and presided over by Lord Anglesey, reported that there had been no riot, and that the disturbance was mainly confined to a collision between one of the troopers and one of the townsmen.

AN INFLUENTIAL local and metropolitan committee has been formed to promote the movement, begun some months ago, for extending Hampstead Heath, by the purchase for the public use, of open, verdant, and wooded spaces contiguous to it.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD have issued a circular pointing the attention of local authorities to the powers conferred on them by law for ordinary analyses of food and drugs in which adulteration is suspected, and laying stress on the smallness of the extent to which officers appointed by sanitary authorities have exercised those powers.

PRESIDING AT A PUBLIC MEETING in aid of the University College Hospital, which is now completing the fiftieth year of its existence, the Lord Mayor claimed special support for it on the ground that, unlike other similar institutions, it was not situated in a district containing many wealthy people. It seems that while the annual cost of maintenance is 19,000/-, the income which can be relied on is only 6,500/-, and donations and legacies having failed of late years to cover the deficiency, sales of stock have had to be made, and the institution is burdened with a debt of 8,000/. The medical staff have in some instances given up half their fees. Appropriate resolutions were passed, and contributions to the amount of 3,000/- were announced. Dr. Tweedie, whose death was recorded in this column last week, has left the hospital a legacy of 1,000/-.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING of the Sanitary Conferences at the Health Exhibition was held on Saturday, under the presidency of Sir James Hogg, when the disposal of the dead was discussed. A paper was read by Mr. A. W. Blyth, Medical Officer of Health

for Marylebone, who began by recommending in the case of the poor, with their crowded dwellings, where the presence of a corpse spreads infection, its removal immediately after death to a public mortuary. If inhumation was to be continued, he strongly advocated that it should be carried out on a new plan, which included the burial of only one body in a grave, at a minimum depth of six feet, the abolition, both of irremovable grave-stones or other memorials of the dead, as well as of vaults; and at the end of a certain number of years the conversion of the land containing the dead here into plantations, there into arable or pasture land. Embalming was also recommended, especially with the view of identifying persons found dead and unknown. After Mr. Blyth's paper, one in favour of cremation was read by the Honorary Secretary of the Cremation Society. The discussion which followed turned chiefly on cremation, which was advocated by Dr. Cameron, M.P., Dr. Farquharson, M.P., Sir Spencer Wells, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert, among other speakers.

ON WEDNESDAY LORD SPENCER paid his much-talked-of visit to Belfast, where he unveiled a portrait of the Queen in the Town Hall, laid the foundation-stone of a Free Library, and was entertained at an evening banquet by the Mayor. He was frequently cheered in his progress through the town; any unfriendly demonstration was of the slightest kind. In responding at the banquet to the toast of his health Lord Spencer was enthusiastically received. He expressed a desire to eschew controversial topics, and spoke cheerfully of the present and hopefully of the future of Ireland.

A MONSTER MEETING, attended by some 30,000 Loyalists, and presided over by Lord C. J. Hamilton, M.P., was held in Belfast on Monday to protest against the decision of the Lord Lieutenant, previously recorded in this column, to prohibit Loyalist counter-demonstrations at the same place and time with Nationalist demonstrations, while these are to be tolerated. In moving a resolution condemnatory of the action of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., to whom the communication announcing his decision had been addressed, used some very plain and forcible language, observing that if the new policy of exasperating the loyal and encouraging the disloyal were not reversed, it would be their duty to close up their ranks and prepare themselves for the outcome of the base surrender of the Government to the sworn foes of England. "Let them," he said, amid loud cheers, "be ready to imitate, if necessary, what their fathers did so gloriously at Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne."

NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVED OF THE ESCAPE from great peril of some, and the possible loss of others, of the crew of the *Chieftain*, a Dundee whaler, which was fishing off the coast of Greenland. On May 26th, in lat. 68° 35' N., the crews of four boats which, accompanied by the captain, had secured two whales, were prevented by a dense fog from finding their way back to their ship some five miles distant. After a further search of two days, provisions and water were exhausted, and the crew of one boat starting to renew the quest was not seen afterwards. The crews of the other three, with whom was the captain, resolved to make for the coast of Iceland, supposed to be 200 miles distant. During heavy weather two of these boats were separated from that in which Captain Gellatly was, and were seen no more. On the fourth day the men in the captain's boat were completely exhausted and hopeless, being half-frozen, and without food. They had lain down helplessly in the bottom of the boat, when suddenly land was descried, and, reviving with the sight, they reached the coast of Iceland, where they were hospitably treated by the natives, who took them to a seaport, whence they were brought in the Danish mail steamer to Scotland. Captain Gellatly is very apprehensive of the fate both of the crews of the three other boats, and of the seven men who were all of the crew left on board the *Chieftain*.

A SMACK, name unknown, foundered at 3.30 on Saturday morning in Fishguard Bay, and all hands perished. A lifeboat went out to the rescue, but arrived too late to save one of the crew who had been seen clinging to the masthead.

TO THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK belongs the death of Rogers Bey, the accomplished and zealous Orientalist, holder of several important British Consular appointments in Syria and Egypt, and recently Director of the Egyptian Ministry of Public Instruction; of Major-General Mackinnon, who served in the Afghan campaign of 1838-9, and distinguished himself in the Sikh war of 1845-6, author of works on military service and the British military power in the East; of General Sir Edward Warde, who commanded the siege-train before Sebastopol, and in 1864 the Woolwich District, where he signalled himself by his skill and promptitude in averting from the districts south of the Thames an inundation threatened by the destruction of the river wall, through the Erith explosion; of Mr. James Figgins, who was long an active partner in the firm of Figgins and Co., type-founders of Farrington Street, and represented Shrewsbury in the Conservative interest from 1868 to 1874, at the age of seventy-three; of the Honourable Mrs. Cradock, née Lister, wife of the Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, and formerly Maid of Honour to Her Majesty, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and the forty-first of her married life; and of Mr. William Bromley Davenport, M.P., very suddenly and under painful circumstances. On Sunday evening, during the collision referred to elsewhere in this column, in the streets of Lichfield, between a town mob and some of the Staffordshire Yeomanry, of which he was Colonel, he interposed and persuaded the Yeomanry to disperse. Proceeding alone towards the Yeomanry House, he was seen to fall, and before the arrival of medical aid he was dead. At the inquest on Monday it was stated that he had complained of pain several times during the preceding week, and had spoken of resigning in consequence the command of the regiment. Heart disease was shown to be the cause of his death, and a verdict was returned of "Death from natural causes." Colonel Bromley Davenport had represented North Warwickshire as a moderate Conservative since 1864, and being much respected on both sides of the House of Commons, the news of his sudden death was received with great regret by his fellow legislators of all political parties. In consequence of the state of his health, he had arranged to pair for some weeks after the 1st of July.



THE high hopes which beat in the Ministerial breast last Friday morning when the House met again to take up the Franchise Bill in Committee, swiftly faded. There was every reason to believe that the few remaining amendments would be disposed of before the House rose, and there was already talk of taking the Report stage last Tuesday. The Conservative opposition to the Bill, at first persistent, had broken down upon the fresh revolt of Lord Randolph Churchill. The ground taken up in opposition to the Bill had at no time been a strong one. Whatever may have been their political inclination, Conservatives did not feel able to oppose the principle of the Bill. They had taken their stand on a question of procedure, objecting that the Government had not, in a Session hardly long enough to pass the Franchise Bill, also brought in a Redistribution scheme. But with Lord Randolph Churchill occa-

sionally firing upon their flank, this position became untenable, and on the previous Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday extraordinary progress had been made.

On Friday a new departure was made. Mr. Albert Grey's amendment, proposing that the Act should not come into operation till the 1st of January, 1887, was disposed of in a couple of hours. This was the only amendment on the paper of practical bearing, and its disposal strengthened the expectations of finishing the Bill right off. But thereupon gentlemen like Mr. Tom Collins, Mr. Charles Lewis, and Mr. Warton came to the front, made long speeches over impossible proposals, and indicated with charming frankness their opinion that enough business had been done for one sitting. Finally, Earl Percy complained that fourteen minutes was too brief for him even to commence a speech in explanation of an amendment on the paper, and moved to report progress. There was a burst of indignation from the Prime Minister. But in cases like this the most powerful Minister in the world is impotent. Earl Percy and his friend had only to keep the ball rolling till ten minutes to seven, when the debate must of necessity close. This was done, and the disappointed and discomfited friends of the Bill could do nothing but grind their teeth.

Still there was Tuesday, and now absolutely nothing on the paper which could keep the House in conversation for sixty minutes. The only amendment seriously put forth was the one standing in the name of Mr. Henry Fowler, having the practical effect of fixing the date at which the Act might come into operation on the 1st of January, 1886. But that had already been twice fully debated, once on Colonel Stanley's amendment, and a second time on Mr. Albert Grey's. The Government had accepted it; Lord Randolph Churchill had approved it. There was nothing more than to add it to the Bill. When the Committee assembled on Tuesday, lo! there were six more amendments on the paper, the result of exceedingly deliberate thought on the part of as many Conservatives. What this meant was clear to the most inexperienced eye. The Bill was not to pass through Committee on Tuesday, nor did it. Whether it should pass on Thursday was a matter of comparative indifference. In such case the report stage must necessarily be thrown into next week. On Monday the Premier had promised to make his statement in relation to the Egyptian Conference, and the debate thereupon could be forced before the Franchise Bill had actually left the Commons. So wonderful are the ways of Party, not of one more than the other, for the little game played in the House of Commons since Friday would doubtless have been equally well done had it been the Liberals who were in opposition.

The near and assured prospect of a Ministerial statement on Monday has had the pleasing, if temporary, effect of reducing the persistency of questioners on delicate matters of foreign affairs. Only Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett rises superior to the influences which act upon ordinary men like Sir Stafford Northcote, and even extraordinary men like Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Henry Wolff. In fact, the member for Eye, finding himself in sole possession of the field of interrogation, gallantly endeavours to make up the average. On Tuesday he put no less than ten questions to the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. These are composed on a very simple plan. Take a passage from a letter of a newspaper correspondent (the *Times* correspondent at Cairo preferred); assume the perfect accuracy of the facts; invite the Under-Secretary to state whether his attention has been called to this, and then proceed to inquire why the Government did not do this, and why they left the other undone, whether if something were to happen at Dongola what would be the result upon Berber, supposing that at the same time something else took place at Khartoum, and matters in Cairo are simultaneously bent in a certain direction. Mr. Gladstone, after listening with growing impatience to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's complacent inquiries, finally blazed forth, and amid approving cheers declared that "unless the member for Eye changed his conduct no notice ought to be taken of him."

It was expected that, in conformity with recent usage, the House would have been counted out when it met at nine o'clock on Tuesday, and it would have been a great deal better for the credit of the Government if that course had been adopted. But Mr. Stevenson had placed upon the paper a resolution designed to check the practice of talking out Bills on Wednesdays, and the numerous private members who have from time to time suffered from the efforts of Mr. Warton or the Irish members came down at nine o'clock in such force that a count was plainly impossible. Mr. Stevenson's proposal was that when on a Wednesday a Bill has been reached by two o'clock the Speaker shall at five o'clock put the question, a division immediately taking place. Mr. Gladstone, who had been entertaining a dinner-party at his official residence, came down at half-past nine, and in a brief speech supported the amendment, though proposing that the new Rule should be experimental, covering only the end of this Session, a suggestion afterwards extended on the part of the Government to include the whole of next Session. This interposition gave a new feature and imported new life into what had promised to be one of those academical discussions with which private members while away Tuesday nights. Only half-a-dozen Conservatives were present, but these instantly awakened to the importance of the occasion. If this Rule came into force, all kinds of things might be passed on a Wednesday, instead of being indefinitely disposed of by being talked out. Sunday Closing Bills, Bills treating of graveyards, and even of Established Churches, were usually taken on a Wednesday. Like the Liberal Party, the Conservatives were scattered far and wide.

Excepting the cluster of Mr. Stevenson's friends and a compact body of Irish members, who had their own fish to fry, every one was away at dinner. Presently there was a stamp of hurried feet in the Lobby. Mr. Winn, the Conservative Whip, was haled from the cheerful dinner table. Messengers were despatched all over the town in search of good Conservatives. The clubs were scoured, and a score of private dinner tables looted of guests. It was curious to see them coming in twos and threes till all the benches began to fill. Then, if at all, the Liberal Whip woke up to the danger of the situation, and other messengers went forth carrying the fiery cross through Liberal quarters. But the superior management of the Conservative Whips was once more testified to. When heads were counted, and it was seen the right moment to strike had come, a motion for the adjournment of the debate was moved, and carried by a majority of twenty-three in a House that had miraculously grown from a gathering of fifty members to a muster of 207. This was a victory which the Conservatives were justified in uproariously cheering, for by good management rather than good luck they had snatched it out of the fire.

The Lords have had quite a busy week. On Monday they were treated to a lecture by the Duke of Argyll on the operation of the Irish Land Act. The lecture was long, occupying over two hours, but it was full of fire and force, and the Duke held his audience together from first to last. On Tuesday their lordships began to get their hand in for the coming struggle with the Commons by throwing out a Bill providing for the management of the new streets at Hyde Park Corner, the creation of which involved the removal of the statue of the Duke of Wellington. They also, in spite of the Bishops, threw out the Cornwall Sunday Closing Bill.

Wednesday afternoon the House of Commons devoted to consideration of the Church Patronage Bill introduced by Mr. Edward Leatham. This proposes to do away with the scandal of the sale of advowsons. The principle receiving unanimous support, the Second Reading was agreed to without a division, the Bill being referred to a Select Committee.



QUEEN ANNE'S DILAPIDATED STATUE in front of St. Paul's is at last to be replaced by a new figure of white Sicilian marble, the trustees of the Cathedral having approved a fresh design.

THE FASHIONABLE COLOURS for ladies' dresses in Paris this season are "moonstone" (a pale blue), "Narbonne honey," "musk colour," "lavender blue," "raspberries and cream," "verveine" (a faint lilac), "chimney-sweep," and "arbour green."

YET ANOTHER FRENCH VERSION OF SHAKESPEARE is projected for next winter in Paris for Madame Sarah Bernhardt. *Romeo and Juliet* will be translated by M. Kichepin, who lately undertook *Macbeth*, and Madame Bernhardt would play Romeo to Mlle. Hading's Juliet.

A SPARROW THIEF has been appropriating the public money in Philadelphia, U.S. The bird built a nest in the roof of the Mint, and became so tame as to fly about freely in the smelting-room and other parts of the building, where the floating particles of gold-dust collected in his feathers. The sparrow shook off the dust into his nest, which was found to be so full of gold that it is to be broken up and assayed.

A PRIMA DONNA'S "CRAZY" QUILT will one day form a great attraction at some fashionable fancy fair. During her late American visit Madame Adelina Patti spent her leisure time in putting together scraps of plush and velvet in "crazy work," as the Americans call it. She finished a quilt 6 ft. square, and brought it home to line with swansdown, and to give away to be raffled for at a charitable bazaar.

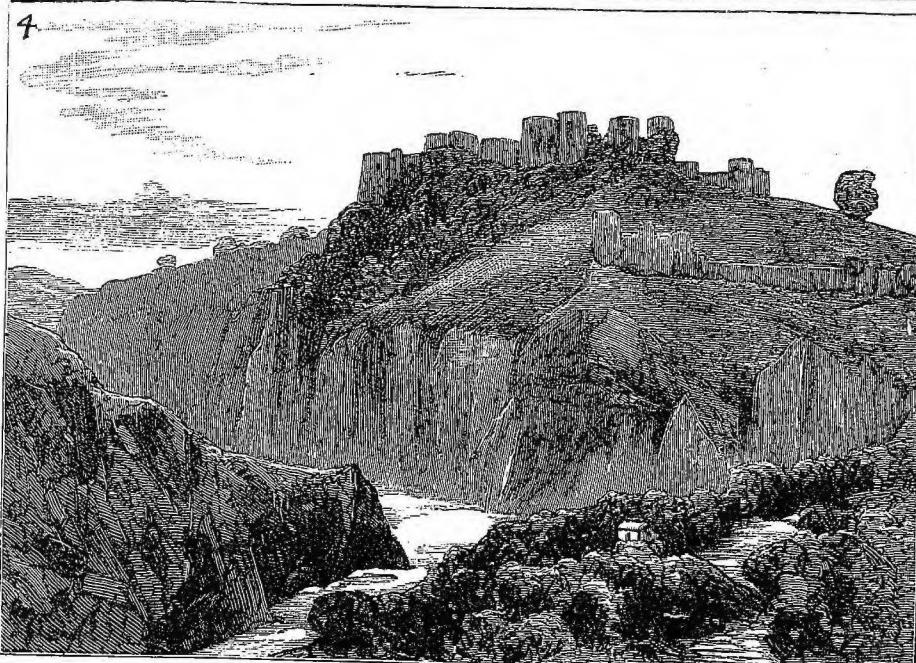
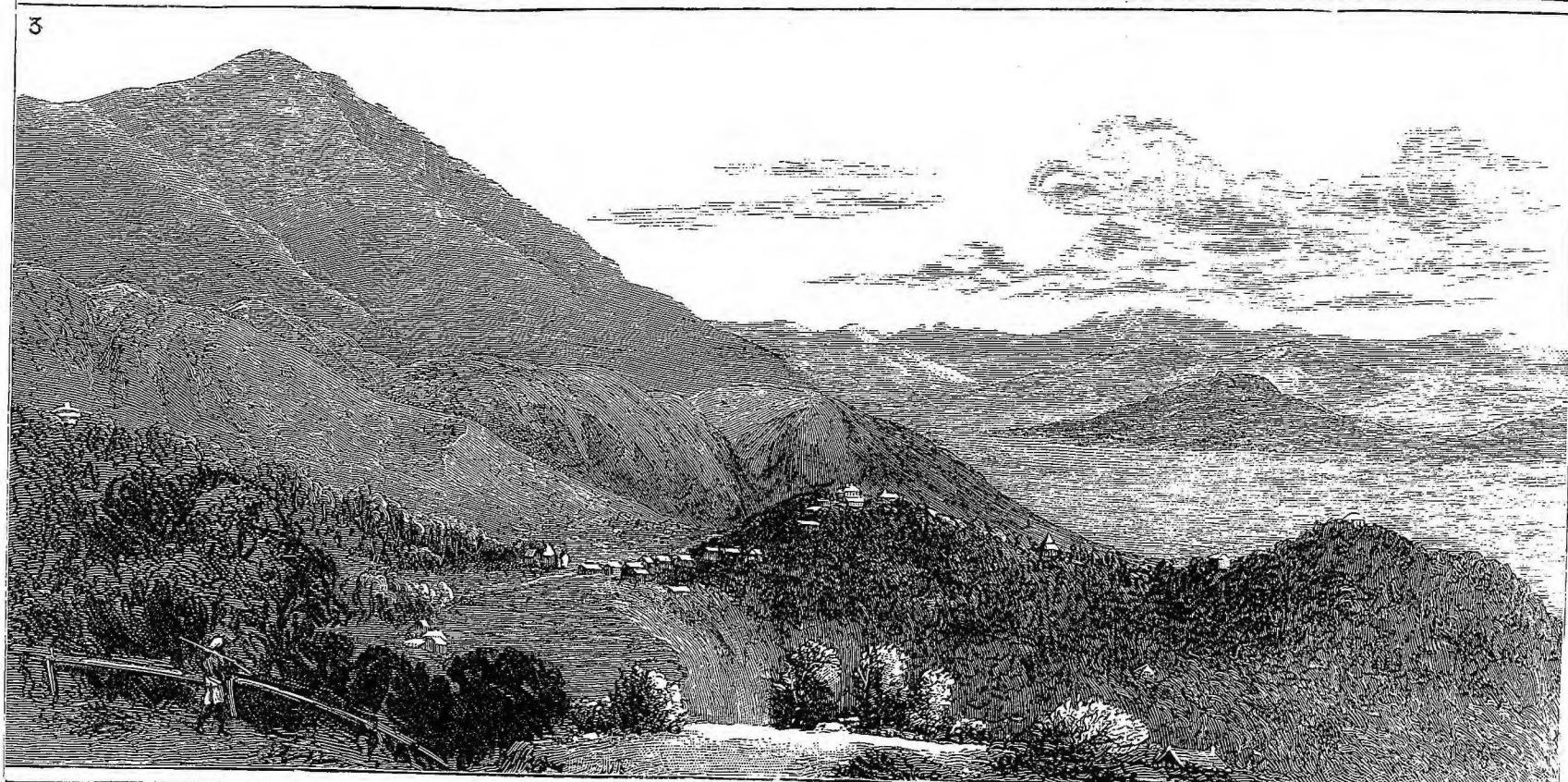
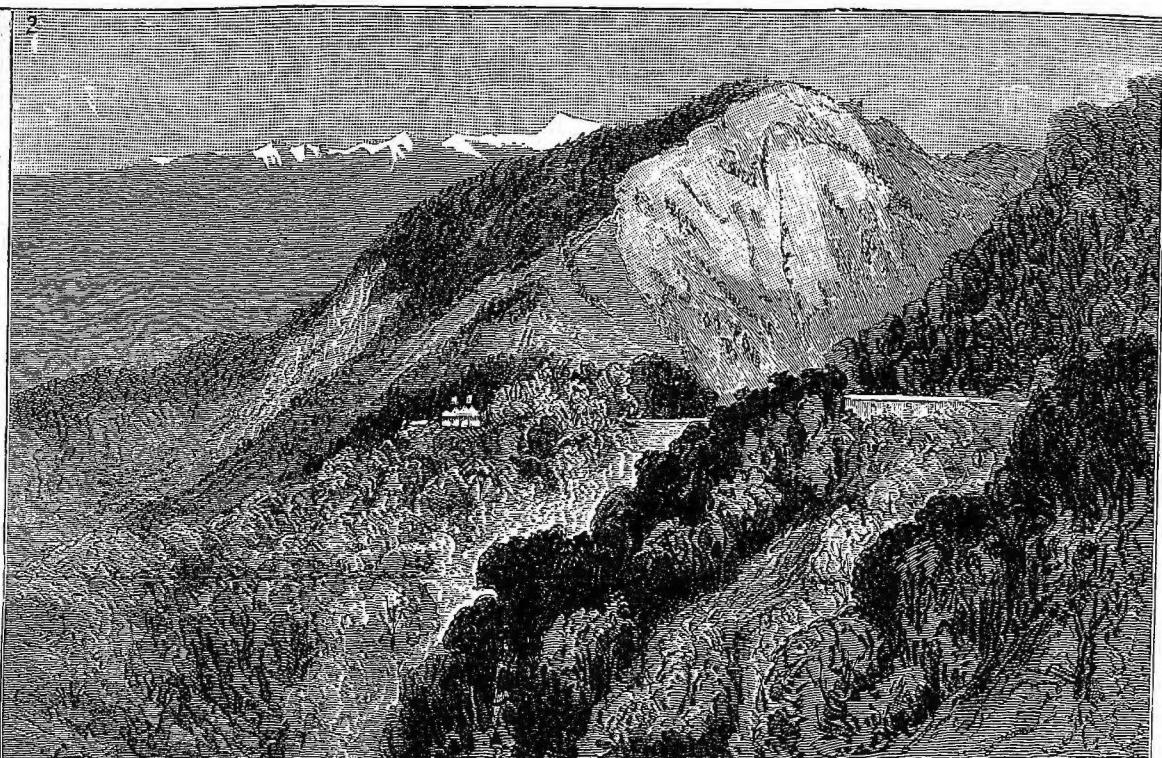
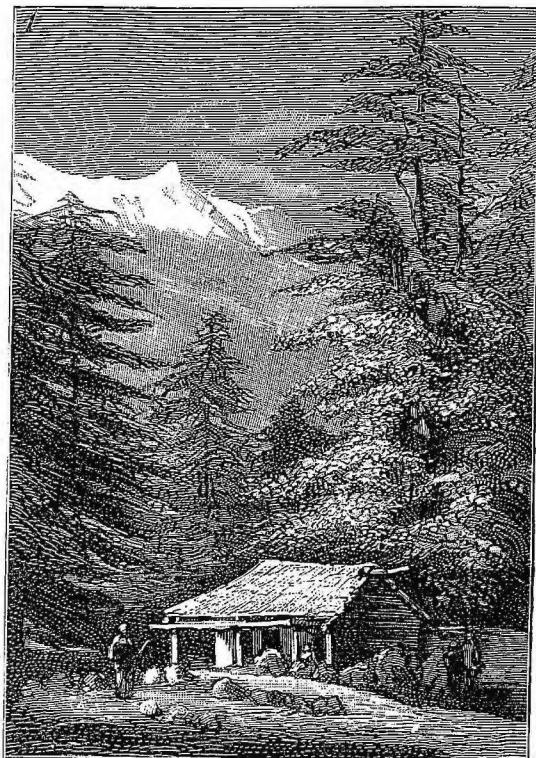
AN EXCELLENT ART LOAN EXHIBITION has been opened at Guildford, filling six large rooms in the County and Borough Halls. Modern and ancient paintings are numerous, and the Queen has lent some important works by Russell, who was a native of Guildford. The Duchess of Albany exhibits a quantity of gold and silver plate given to the Duke and herself on their wedding, Lord Wolseley lends Zulu and Ashantee curiosities, and most of the historic Surrey houses contribute art treasures. Talking of provincial art displays, the Chadwick Museum at Bolton has been opened, containing various loan reproductions from South Kensington and gifts from the chief cotton spinners of the district. The building was erected by the funds left by the late Mr. Chadwick. From art to literature—Cambridge, which was one of the first towns to adopt the Free Library Act, has just inaugurated a new large central reading-room, close to the Guildhall.

POPE LEO'S DAY'S WORK is minutely described by the Ultramontane journal *Germania*. The Pope rises at 6, spends some time in meditation, and celebrates Mass at 7. From 8 o'clock he is busy with correspondence until 11, when he gives audiences, receiving the bishops, ambassadors, pilgrims, &c. He then spends an hour and a-half walking in the Vatican gardens with his private secretary, and attended by two guards; or drives in the grounds if the weather is bad. At 2 p.m. the Pope dines off one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, fruit, and a glass of claret, and after a short rest he works again till 4.30, when he receives various Church officials. Reading foreign journals occupies the evening after 8 o'clock, his Holiness studying the French and Italian organs himself, while interesting articles from the German and English papers are translated to him. Prayers follow at 9.30. Leo XIII. then sups off soup, an egg, and salad, and retires immediately afterwards.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, whose dangerous illness has aroused so much speculation respecting the succession to the Dutch Throne, has been a delicate, solitary being for many years, disliking society in general and that of women in particular. Indeed, his mother, the late Queen Sophia, was the only woman he could ever tolerate. Since her death he has led a more secluded life than before, has refused to receive visitors on the plea of bad health, and has scarcely ever been seen about in the streets, but has shut himself up with his birds and his books. The Prince lives in a small house on the Kneuterdyk, the best part of the Hague, shut off from view by thick trees in front, and having a splendid garden at the back. The house is full of historic associations, for John de Witt lived there in former days, while of late years it was the home of the American historian, Motley. Over the door is now placed a large white printed placard, "Infectious disorder—typhoid fever"—as the police regulations in Holland compel every household affected by any infectious disease to put up a similar notice. Even the house of the heir to the Throne is not exempt from the law.

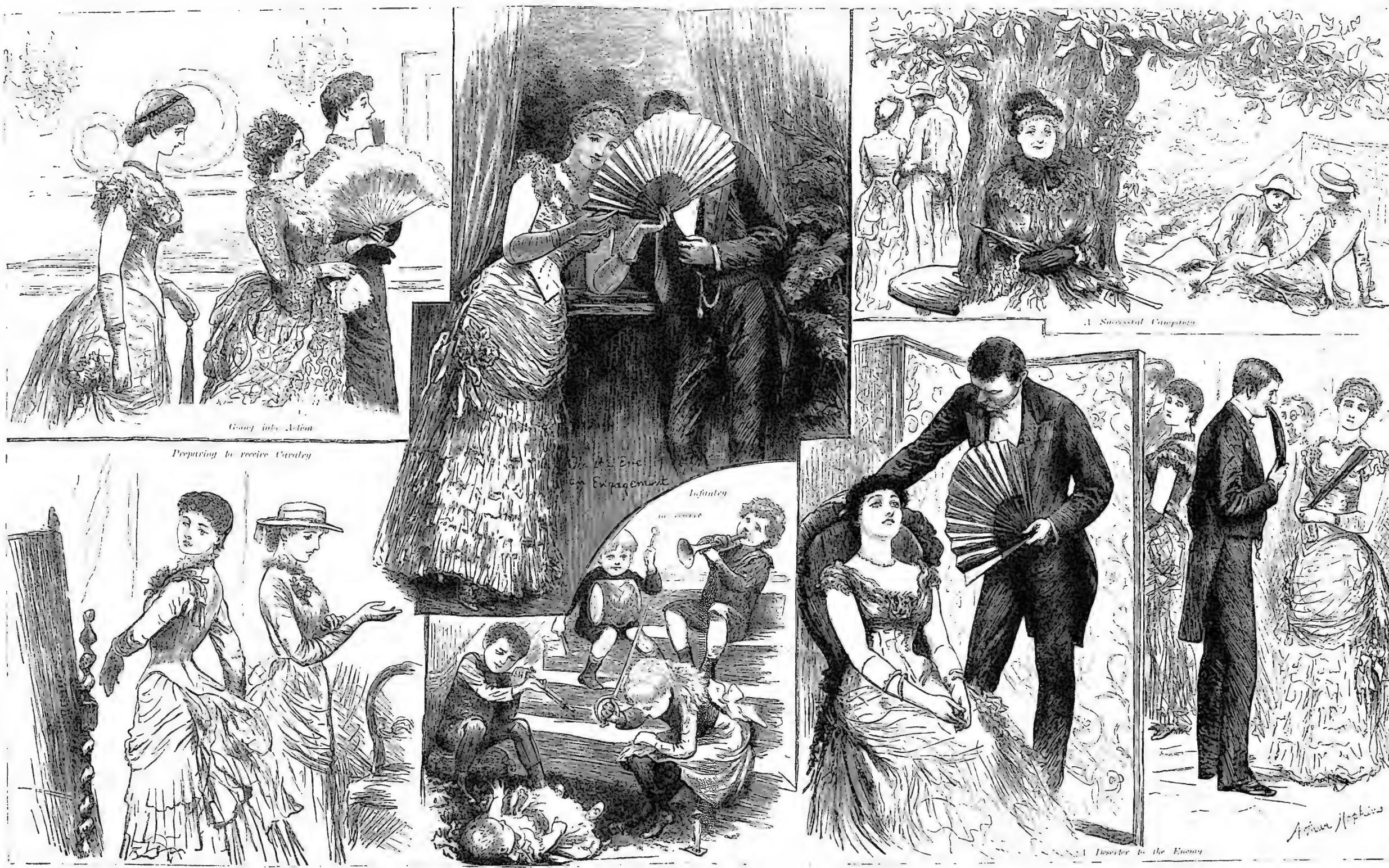
LONDON MORTALITY slightly declined last week, and 1,450 deaths were registered, against 1,458 during the previous seven days, a fall of 8, being 25 above the average, and at the rate of 18.8 per 1,000. Small-pox is seriously increasing, and the Metropolitan Asylums Board hospitals contained on Saturday last 1,238 patients, 332 new cases having been admitted during the week. There were 27 deaths from this disease (a fall of 18), 73 from measles (a decline of 12), 33 from scarlet fever (an increase of 12), 24 from diphtheria (a rise of 8), 61 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 27), 17 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, 21 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 7), and 1 from simple cholera. Different forms of violence caused 42 deaths; 39 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 14 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,805 births registered, against 2,098 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 229. The mean temperature of the air was 57.6 deg., and 1.2 deg. below the average. The lowest night temperature was 45 deg. on Monday, and the highest day temperature in the shade 73.6 deg. on Friday.

THE SALE OF THE CELEBRATED FONTAINE COLLECTION this week has aroused the greatest interest amongst lovers of decorative art. Formed by the late Sir Andrew Fontaine, one of William III.'s courtiers, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Master of the Mint in 1727, this collection of rare *cinq cent* ceramic art, Limoges enamels, &c., is one of the finest known, and a syndicate of amateurs has accordingly been organised to purchase such objects as seem most needed by the national collections in the hope that the Government may subsequently acquire them for the State museums. This plan was lately adopted at the sale of the De Vos drawings in Holland, when the Dutch Government ultimately bought the best specimens from the syndicate for the nation. The Fontaine sale began on Monday, when the syndicate made numerous purchases, notably a beautiful pair of candlesticks in Palissy ware, ornamented with marguerites, and which sold for 1,510*l.*, and a splendid oval cistern of the same ware adorned with heads of marine deities, dolphins, festoons of fruits, &c., bought for 1,105*l.* On Tuesday a candlestick of Henry II. ware brought no less than 3,675*l.*, but the great lot of the sale was the beautiful oval dish by Leonard Limousin, representing Raphael's "Supper of the Gods," with portraits of Henry II., &c. This sold for 7,350*l.* Another important sale this month will be that of the Leigh Court pictures, on the 28th inst. This collection was made early in the present century, and includes a splendid Rubens, "The Conversion of Saul," and the well-known panel by Raphael of Christ bearing His cross, painted in 1505 for the nuns belonging to the Convent of St. Antonio of Padua at Perugia.

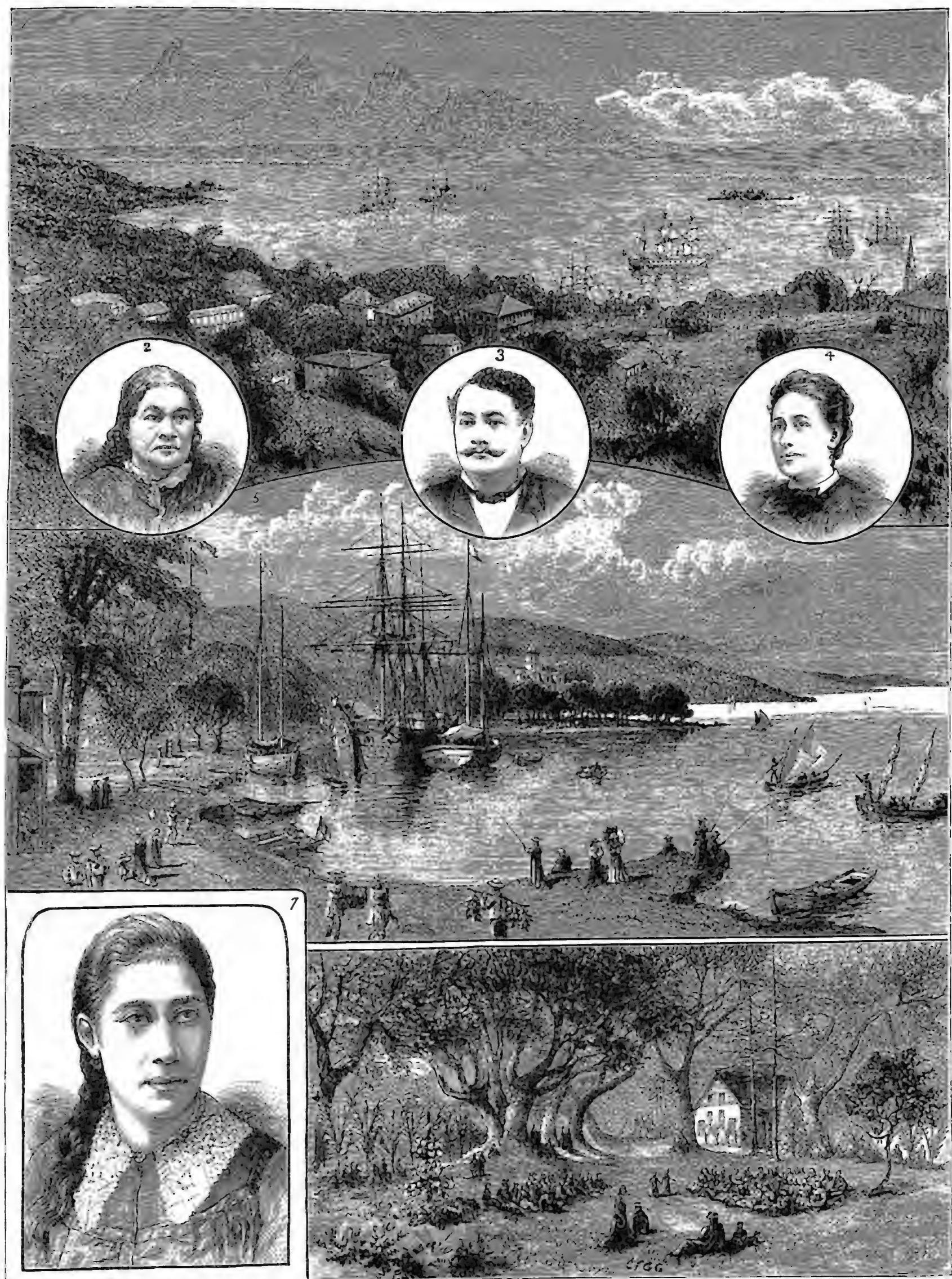


1. At Menali in the Kulu Valley.—2. View from the Hill Station of Dalhousie.—3. The Hill Station of Dhurmsala in the Kangra Valley.—4. Kangra Fort.—5. A Kulu Woman.

SKETCHES ON THE WAY TO AN INDIAN HILL STATION



THE SOCIETY WAR-GAME



1. Moorea and Papeete from the Semaphore, Tahiti.—2. The Late Queen Pomare IV.—3. King Pomare V.—4. Titaua (now Mrs. Dassie), Queen Marau's Sister.—5. Papeete, Tahiti.—6. Himenes at Hitiaa, Tahiti.—7. Queen Marau.

THE RECENT VISIT OF QUEEN MARAU OF TAHITI TO EUROPE



THE situation in EGYPT grows daily more critical. There now seems little room for doubt that the rebels have secured another important success in the capture of Berber, which apparently fell on May 23rd. Letters detailing the disaster have been sent by the Governor, Hussein Khalifa, to his sons with the Egyptian forces, while an Arab has reached Korosko, representing himself as the sole survivor of the garrison. This native states that he escaped from Berber with Hussein's nephew and Signor Cuzzi, General Gordon's agent, but fell into the hands of the rebels, who obliged Cuzzi to turn Mahomedan. Berber was bravely defended for two hours, when the rebels, short of ammunition, "rushed" the town. They slaughtered the garrison of 1,500 men and some 2,000 of the male inhabitants, but spared the women and children and the Governor, who is in prison, wounded and badly treated. According to the same authority, a portion of the Mahdi's forces is marching on Dongola, and at all events Dongola itself is much alarmed. The Mudir telegraphs that his soldiers are disaffected, and begs permission to leave the town—a permission, by the bye, which was given him long ago, and disregarded—while the Mahdi strives to attach the Mudir to his side by appointing him Emir of the province. Reports state that the Mahdi himself is entrenched in the mountains of El Dayr, near Obeid, and that his forces are within eight days' march of either Dongola or Korosko; but as the Ramadan fast begins next week it is thought that no important advance will be made for a time. Great excitement, however, prevails throughout the district down to Assouan, where the inhabitants are flying south. Major Kitchener, at Korosko, considers the position most serious, believing that, if the rebels seize Dongola, there will be little to prevent them penetrating into Egypt proper.

At present the road beyond Wady Halfa, the furthest outpost of the Egyptian army, is free as far as the wells of Murad. Only a weak force, however, holds Wady Halfa under Major Trotter, and the Korosko garrison is small, but additional Egyptian troops are being sent up, while the Bedouins guard the frontier line from Korosko to the sea. Still every day shows more forcibly how little trust can be placed in the Egyptian soldiery, judging from the experience at Suakin, where Major Pigott has thrown up his cavalry command, owing to the cowardly desertion of his men, while the Bedouins would probably desert in the event of our defeat. There is little going on round Suakin, where preparations are at last to be made for the construction of a military railway for five miles towards Berber—a line which would be of the utmost importance in the event of an autumn expedition. Meanwhile, some news has been heard of General Gordon and Khartoum, now said to be besieged by some 20,000 men. Gordon is securely housed in the building of the Catholic Mission, a strongly-entrenched position, with large grounds containing three wells and plentiful date palms and orange trees. The relief of the garrisons at Kassala and Kalabat is to be attempted by a strong Abyssinian expedition, the fruit of Admiral Hewett's late mission. King John himself will march on Kassala, while some 30,000 Gallas have been brought from the south to advance on Kalabat. In this neighbourhood, however, the rebels have just taken the town of Ghia on the frontier. While military prospects in Egypt are unsatisfactory, financial matters are little better. As he goes southwards, Mr. Edgar Vincent has considerably modified his opinion that the felahine are prosperous, and able to pay the land tax; while Colonel Scott Moncrieff, in an official report, takes a very serious view of the situation, declaring that the land assessment is altogether too high, and that taxes ought to be lowered—a step which would compel Egypt to reduce the interest on the Debt.

To turn to the Conference, England and France have definitely come to terms, but, as the arrangement has to be communicated to the Powers, no official explanation of the matter will be given before next Monday, when the French and English Premiers will probably simultaneously lay the terms of the agreement before the respective Parliaments. Apart from the purely financial matters and the agreement for a British occupation of Egypt, for at least three years from next January, with the option of remaining longer, if necessary, with the consent of the Powers, the Anglo-French arrangements are further reported to include propositions for the neutralisation of the Suez Canal. France takes great credit to herself for endeavouring to attenuate the British concessions in the Convention, so as to enable Parliament to ratify the agreement, and the French Press most industriously point out the wisdom and generosity of their own Government as an example to England. Just now the Gallic journals find no terms too violent to censure British policy, and their wrath has waxed hotter at the statement that England proposes to reduce the interest of the Egyptian Debt. Austrian and German bondholders, too, are alarmed at such a prospect, and the former have petitioned the Government to protect their interests at the Conference. Public opinion both in Austria and Italy condemns the agreement as far as known, and the Viennese *Neue Freie Presse* styles it "a complete surrender which renders a Conference superfluous, the Egyptian Question being settled already." On the other hand Turkey has sent a circular to the Powers, asserting that the English occupation has lasted quite long enough, and proposing that if any foreign force is needed it should be jointly supplied by Turkey, England, France, Italy, and Spain. But the Porte thinks "the moral authority and prestige of the Sultan quite sufficient to restore tranquillity"—rather a broken reed to lean upon. Germany makes a bid for French sympathy by a curious article in the *National Zeitung*, warmly applauding France at the expense of England, and contrasting the prosperity of French colonies with "the complete bankruptcy of the English in the Valley of the Nile." The French, however, are too suspicious of their neighbour to receive such compliments very warmly.

Indeed, the outside relations of FRANCE absorb the country almost to the exclusion of all home interest. Her dealings with Morocco have sorely alarmed both Spain and Italy, and French writers are accordingly loudly asserting their innocent intentions, and their respect for the rights of other nations. These assurances do not satisfy either country, however, any more than the similar declarations made by Signor Mancini in the Italian Parliament, while the visit paid to Tangier by the French ironclad fleet on the way to Lisbon is regarded as highly significant. To calm these suspicions a semi-official journal declares that there is "no real Morocco question; it is only a matter of a rectification of our African frontier." Still this "rectification" would result in France taking possession of two important points, the oasis of Figuig and the mouth of the Muleya River. Meanwhile, M. Ordega is having it all his own way in Morocco, and is said to have made a most satisfactory agreement with the Sultan respecting French interests. Having settled Tonkin affairs France now proposes to open relations with Corea, while the Government is being warmly urged to closely blockade Madagascar so as to cut off the Hovas from all help from Europe, and to obtain "this inexhaustible coal depot, thanks to which we might one day defy the enemy who would close the Suez Canal to us."

In home affairs Parliament is occupied with the Army Recruiting Bill, which is being contested inch by inch, and will probably cause the Constitutional Revision Bill to be postponed till next month. The proposal to let off soldiers with one year's service if they succeeded in passing a satisfactory examination at the end of the year was thrown out, and the House has decisively pronounced in favour of the three years' system. There is little else stirring save the prospect of a skirmish in Parliament respecting bull fights, which have lately been forbidden at Nimes on the score of cruelty, much to the wrath of the Nimois. The Ministers have begun their summer provincial tours by a visit to Rouen, where the Minister of the Interior ventilated vigorous Protectionist doctrines. PARIS is highly amused by the action brought by M. Alexander Dumas against the painter Jacquet for caricaturing him in a picture as a Bagdad Jew, in revenge for M. Dumas having sold one of his works for a higher price than he originally paid the painter. There has been one dramatic novelty—a pleasing operetta at the Ambigu, *Les Trois Devins*, by M. Okolowicz.

In GERMANY colonial politics have for the first time come before the Reichstag in a debate on granting a State subvention for a line between Germany and Eastern Asia and Australia. Prince Bismarck spoke in support of the scheme, but with little effect, and the proposition was referred to the Budget Committee, whence it is hardly likely to reappear this year, especially as the Session will probably close early next month. Parliament is now considering the much-discussed Workmen Insurance Bill. The Prussian Council of State has been fairly resuscitated, and all the appointments have been made, the Conservative and land-owning element strongly predominating. The Crown Prince is President of the Council, and Prince Bismarck Vice-President, and the main object of reviving the Council seems to consist in giving the Crown Prince more power in the Government. The Emperor has gone to Ems, whence he will probably visit the Danish and Grecian Kings and Queens at Wiesbaden, going afterwards to Gastein for his annual interview with the Austrian Emperor, and returning to Berlin in August, before attending the autumn manoeuvres.

In BELGIUM much excitement has prevailed owing to the remarkable triumph of the Clericals in the late elections, but the Conservatives have borne their success very well, and even omitted the usual public Corpus Christi processions on Sunday, to avoid disturbance. M. Malou has once more been recalled to office, after sixteen years' absence, and has formed a moderate Cabinet, while the first effect of the Clerical victory has been to reopen negotiations with the Vatican for re-establishing diplomatic relations between Belgium and the Holy See. It cannot be doubted that the Liberals owe their defeat in a great measure to their intemperate conduct towards the Church in educational matters, and their treatment of taxation. Now the Conservatives command a strong majority of thirty-two in Parliament.

In RUSSIA the marriage of the Grand Duke Sergius with the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse has been celebrated with great ceremony. After spending some days with the Imperial family at Peterhof, the bride made her state entry into St. Petersburg on Saturday, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. As the Princess Elizabeth retains her own faith, a double wedding ceremony was gone through on Sunday afternoon. First the Greek Orthodox Service was performed in the Palace Chapel by the Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg and Novgorod, and subsequently the Lutheran rite took place at an improvised chapel in the Alexander Hall, the choir of the Greek Church singing the hymns. The bride looked remarkably well in a silver-embroidered dress, with a purple velvet mantle, trimmed with ermine, and a diamond Imperial crown. A State banquet and ball followed, and in the evening the Emperor and Empress escorted the bridal pair in State through the illuminated streets to their new home on the Nevsky Prospect, the Beloselski Palace. Now the Grand Duke and Duchess are spending their honeymoon at the Castle of Ilyinsk, on the Moskva River, near Moscow.

Much anxiety is being felt about the crops, owing to the drought in the south, where, further, the locusts, which last year caused so much ruin, have again appeared. Northwards, there is serious trouble in Archangel with the exiles undergoing terms of punishment, who have risen against the authorities, and use incendiarism as their chief weapon. The Russian journals continue to exult over their successes in Central Asia, and the consequent annoyance caused to England; while in the Merv district itself no time has been lost in organising telegraphic communication between Merv and Askabad, and planning railway extension. Moreover, some of the Turcoman marauders are being organised into regular cavalry. Various privileges are accorded to the Sarik Turcomans, who have sworn allegiance to Russia. For the present they will be exempt from taxation, will, in most cases, keep their own system of justice, and will be allowed the free exercise of their religion.

In INDIA energetic protest is being raised against the Government practice of moving to the Hills for the greater part of the year. Madras leads the agitation, and has held an opposition meeting, where it was decided to petition the Supreme Government not to sanction the removal of the Madras Government until the inhabitants of Southern India had publicly expressed their views on the subject. Calcutta holds much the same opinion, and native and European objectors contend, that the higher officials can bear the climate as well as their less fortunate European brethren. Apart from the cost of the removal and the delay to public business, it is further urged that the annual migration tends to widen the gulf between the Government and the native community. Protests, too, are rising concerning the amended Bengal Tenancy Bill, which the landowners like even less than the original draft, and the Behar zemindars have met to express their dissatisfaction. From BURMAH we hear that King Theebaw has married his Queen's younger sister and poisoned the Queen's mother, while France is putting the thin end of the wedge into Burmese affairs. The French Ambassador is going to Rangoon to ratify an offensive and defensive treaty, and a party of engineers will follow to survey the country towards Tonkin in view of a railway.

In the UNITED STATES the nomination of Mr. Blaine as Presidential candidate has duly caused the expected split in the Republican party. The Independent Republicans strongly oppose his appointment, and at a meeting in Boston declared that the nomination of Messrs. Blaine and Logan at Chicago shows "absolute disregard of the reform sentiment of the nation." They will probably support the Democratic ticket if the Democrats choose General Cleveland, Governor of New York State. Mr. Blaine has declined in public favour ever since he put up for the Presidency in 1880, and his conduct as Secretary of State in the Garfield administration lost him further support. An enthusiastic Protectionist, he has completely alienated all Republican free-traders, yet his party are still very hopeful of success. The choice made by New York State, however, will practically decide the election, and Governor Cleveland as a New York man is considered to have the best chance.

SPAIN is in the rare and happy position of owning a financial surplus for the past and present years, according to the Budget statement just presented. This satisfactory announcement was made much against the grain by the present Finance Minister, who before assuming office violently condemned the reforms of his predecessor, and now is obliged to acknowledge their success. Seven of the fifteen murderers of the Black Hand Society have been executed at

Xeres. One committed suicide in prison, and seven others got off with penal servitude for life. The dynamiters are busy in Madrid, where an explosion occurred on Wednesday, happily with no great result.—In AUSTRIA the elections to the Hungarian Diet are going in favour of the Liberals, who support the Government.—SERVIA and BULGARIA have settled their little differences, thanks to the mediation of the Imperial Powers.—In HOLLAND the *Nisero* question has again been before Parliament, and the Home Minister, when asking for further credit to increase the Dutch forces in Acheen, acknowledged that it was the Government's duty to free the *Nisero*'s crew and punish the guilty parties.—In TURKEY the plague is said to have appeared round Bagdad.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Boers and Usutus have completely defeated Usibepu, destroying his kraals and cattle.



THE Queen is expected at Windsor from Scotland next Tuesday. During the last few days of her stay at Balmoral, Her Majesty has made numerous excursions with Princess Beatrice and the Princess Leiningen, driving to Old Mar Lodge, to the Glassalt Shiel, and through the Pass of Ballater, while Princess Beatrice frequently drove out with her little nieces, the Princesses of Edinburgh. On Sunday the Queen and the Princesses attended Divine Service at Crathie Church for the first time during their present visit to the Highlands. Dr. McGregor officiated, and, with the Rev. A. Campbell, joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening. Next evening Her Majesty received Captain Napier and Lieutenants Gordon and Irvine, of the detachment of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders stationed at Balmoral, while on Tuesday the Queen and Princesses drove round the Lion's Face.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have returned to town, after two months absence on the Continent. Before leaving Wiesbaden, they entertained at lunch Sir R. Morier, British Minister at Madrid, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and subsequently took leave of the Danish King and Queen, who remain at Wiesbaden. The Prince and Princess and their daughters reached Calais on Saturday morning, and, after breakfasting at the station, crossed to Dover in the *Invicta*, arriving in London in the afternoon. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service, and next day Prince Albert Victor came up from Cambridge, while Prince and Princess Christian lunched at Marlborough House, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Prince Leiningen also called. The Prince of Wales spent the morning at the Health Exhibition, and went to the House of Lords in the afternoon, thus resuming his public duties for the first time since the Duke of Albany's death. On Tuesday the Prince attended the meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and afterwards with his son went to the Albert Hall to inaugurate the work of the International Juries of the Health Exhibition. Prince William of Württemberg visited the Prince and Princess later in the day, while on Wednesday Princess Louise lunched at Marlborough House.—It is stated that Prince Albert Victor will probably spend some weeks studying at Heidelberg during the long vacation.—Prince George is now cruising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the *Canada*.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will probably visit Simla after the rains.—Prince Christian having come home from Germany, the Princess has returned to Cumberland Lodge after spending several weeks with the Duchess of Albany. A memorial window to the Duke of Albany is to be placed in Salisbury Cathedral.—The Duke of Edinburgh is salmon-fishing in Galway.

The illness of the Prince of Orange appears to have taken a slight turn for the better, the fever having run its course, but the Prince remains in a very feeble and prostrate condition. Meanwhile, the King of Holland, though rather better, cannot yet leave Carlsbad.—The Crown Princess of Sweden has given birth to another son.



IN MOST OF THE churches, chapels, and synagogues of the metropolis and suburbs on Sunday last (Hospital Sunday), appeals more or less direct were made by the preachers on behalf of the hospitals of London. At Westminster Abbey, Archdeacon Farrar contrasted the 34,000/- collected on the Hospital Sunday of last year with the vast wealth of this great metropolis. "It was a cause," he said, "of reproach, not of boasting;" and with an obvious reference to the then approaching sale by auction of the Fountaine Collection, "it was far less," he added, "than will be spent to-morrow on *bric à brac*."

AT A PUBLIC MEETING on Tuesday in St. James' Hall, in connection with the 183rd anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding, it was intimated that the gross income of the Society for the past year had been 109,572/-, the largest sum ever raised by it in any one year.

THE COLLECTIONS DURING THE DAY at the Abbey amounted to 252/-, being 34/- less than last year, and at St. Paul's Cathedral to 214/- At St. Michael's, Chester Square, the sum received was 1,087/-, which is said to have been the largest amount ever contributed to the fund by any one church. St. Michael's, Bayswater, contributed 286/-, and the Temple Church 216/- At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon briefly recommending the fund, but making no special reference to it in his sermons, the sum contributed was 205/- against 218/- last year; and at the Congregational Chapel, Islington, where Dr. Allison preached, 138/-; at the services held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Temple Gardens Hall, 262/-; the amount contributed at the various Jewish synagogues is estimated at nearly 1,000/-

THE VALUABLE LIVING OF PRESTWICH, near Manchester, referred to in this column last week, has been bestowed by the patron, Lord Wilton, on the Rev. W. T. Jones, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Guildford.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING of the National Society was held on Tuesday, Lord Salisbury presiding. According to the report presented, in spite of the competition of the Board Schools, both the amount of school accommodation provided by the Society, and the average attendance of children at its schools, were largely increasing, and the income of the past year had greatly exceeded that of the preceding year. Last year the Church of England was educating half as many children again as were being educated in Board Schools, and Churchmen had voluntarily contributed nearly 580,000/- towards the support of their schools, besides the large sum required for buildings and improvements. In an elaborate speech Lord Salisbury upheld the principle of distinctive and dogmatic religious teaching embodied in the programme of

the National Society, and proceeded to deal with the effects of the Education Act of 1870 on its operations. With a fair man or a friendly man at the head of the Education Department, Lord Salisbury said a *modus vivendi* between it and the Society could be established, but when he was neither, the Act was not equitably administered, and School Boards, without which, he admitted, education in some districts was impossible, were established in others where the inhabitants were opposed to their introduction because educational facilities were already offered in sufficient abundance by voluntary schools. Advertising to the financial aspects of the question Lord Salisbury contrasted the promise that the education rate would not exceed 3d. in the pound, with the 8d. in the pound now levied. This heavy charge crippled those who had also to support voluntary schools, and it was becoming a question whether those who pay largely for the promotion of education in voluntary schools ought in the same district to pay school rates as well. The Wesleyans and the Roman Catholics felt with Churchmen that double demand to be an injustice, and therefore Lord Salisbury hoped in time for a system more favourable than the present one to distinctive religious teaching. Resolutions in consonance with the objects of the Society and with Lord Salisbury's reasoning, moved by the Bishops of London and Llandaff, were carried unanimously.

MR. SPURGEON'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, on Wednesday, was celebrated by an evening demonstration in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which was filled to overflowing. In addressing the meeting, Mr. Spurgeon claimed for his sermons that they were founded on pure Gospel teaching, without which all other learning was useless. A number of congratulatory addresses were presented and speeches made, one of the latter by Mr. Moody.

THE COUNCIL OF THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION have decided not to open it on Sundays.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Madame Patti reappeared at Covent Garden on Saturday, and was received with the enthusiasm due to a popular favourite. The opera was *La Traviata*, and Madame Patti's Violetta is far too familiar to need any more special or further comment. On Tuesday the great artist repeated her equally well-known impersonation of Aida. It need only be added that Madame Patti, in her twenty-fourth London season, retains all the beauty, and nearly all the freshness, of her voice, and that she is in the fullest possession of her great and now matured powers. She will, it is understood, sing twice weekly at Covent Garden until July 26. The performances of the week have likewise included representations of *Les Huguenots*, with Madame Lucca as Valentine, and Madame Sembrich as the Queen; and of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the combination cast. M. Reyer's *Sigurd* is said still to be in rehearsal.

THE GERMAN OPERA.—At the German Opera the attendance has hitherto been greater in the gallery and other cheap parts of the house than in the stalls, save as to the occasion when Madame Albani played Elsa in *Lohengrin*. Whether this implies that German opera is supported chiefly by middle-class amateurs, or by the German colony who find the price of seats differs here widely from the scale of charges adopted in the subsidised theatres of the Fatherland, does not yet appear. But that the troupe is woefully deficient from a vocal point of view was abundantly apparent from the recent performances of *Tannhäuser* on Saturday afternoon, and of *Die Meistersinger*. Herr Scheidemantel, who played Wolfram in Wagner's earlier opera, and Herr Reichmann, the Hans Sachs of the same master's only comic opera, are perhaps exceptions to the almost general rule. On the other hand, the German troupe boast a chorus that can act as well as sing, and an orchestra directed by Herr Hans Richter, a conductor unsurpassed in Wagnerian operas. Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera *Savonarola*, has now been postponed till the 27th inst., but as only a single performance is announced, its production is not quite placed beyond doubt. The music is said to be somewhat in the style of *Tristan und Isolde*, and the principal *leitmotif* is taken from a Service-book written for St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, about A.D. 1300. The theme first occurs as a monkish chant, the opening words of which have been taken from the song of the Clerk of Oxenford in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The plot deals with a story in which the contending factions of Savonarola and the Medici take great part. The hero, after a wealthy merchant of Ferrara has refused him the hand of his daughter, becomes a priest, and eventually narrowly escapes assassination at the hands of Francesca, daughter of his whilom lady-love. Francesca repents—after several stirring scenes—in which *inter alia* the monastery is stormed by the populace, and the maiden's lover is killed, and she dies as the lurid glare from the stake proclaims the martyrdom of Savonarola.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The last Richter concert was given on Monday, but three extra concerts are announced in October and November, besides the usual summer season, which will begin on April 20, and will terminate on June 15 next. The programme on Monday opened with the new *Romeo and Juliet* overture, one of the last works of the late Joachim Raff, probably written just before the Winter symphony, op. 214. Brahms' *Schicksalslied* was given by the Richter orchestra and choir, and a most admirable performance was given of the *Tannhäuser* prelude, for a repetition of which persistent but unavailing efforts were made, and of Beethoven's choral symphony, in which however a party of German solo vocalists did but scant justice to the work. Herr Richter was twice called to the platform, and received a very cordial *au revoir*.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig introduced at their third concert a string quartet in E flat by Dittersdorf. This, if we mistake not, is the last-century violinist Ditters, who eventually in 1770 was appointed by the Prince-Bishop of Breslau Ranger of the Silesian Forests, and was granted a patent of nobility, with permission to change his name to Von Dittersdorf. Dittersdorf was chiefly known in England by *Der Doktor und Apotheker*, one of the twenty-eight operas with which he is accredited. It is said he also wrote fifteen published symphonies, besides twenty-five in manuscript, and six that have never been performed. He wrote twelve violin concertos, six string quartets, and several masses and oratorios. The quartet was unfortunately placed at the end of Madame Frickenhaus' programme, and we were unable to hear it.—On Friday, Mr. Hallé's programme included a violin sonata by Tartini, played by Madame Norman Néruda, some pieces by Bach for Mr. Hallé, Mozart's trio in E flat, and Schumann's seldom heard *Legendary Tales*, originally written for piano, clarinet, and bass viol, in 1853-4, about the time that the unhappy composer first signalled the advent of Brahms.—On Saturday Dr. Stainer, Messrs. Henry Leslie and Turpin acted as adjudicators at a Tonic Solfa competition at the Crystal Palace.—On Monday Mr. Cusins gave his annual concert, and the *bénéficiare's* own trio in C minor for piano and strings was performed by himself, MM. Strauss and Rowell.—The popular vocalist, Miss Carlotta Elliot, gave a concert, chiefly of German music, at the German Embassy last Monday. Among others, Madame Isabel Fassett, Herr Friedman, and some artists from the German Opera, gave their services.—On Tuesday Mr. Ganz gave his concert, which

opened with the piano quartet in E flat by Schumann.—Signor Bottesini, the celebrated contra-bass player, gave two concerts, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday. We understand Signor Bottesini proposes to return to England to give orchestral concerts here in the autumn.—On Wednesday Herr Kuhé gave a species of operatic concert in which he was assisted by several stars of the opera.—Concerts have likewise been given by Mdlle. Speer and Mdlle. Marie Speer (two Irish ladies, the one a vocalist and the other a pianist, and both of whom have won success in France), Miss Sadie Singleton, Herr Adolf Friedman (a clever baritone vocalist, who gave *inter alia* Schumann's "Spanisches Liederspiel"), Miss Meredith Brown, a contralto pupil of Signor Randegger, Mr. Edwin Holland, Miss Stuart Cummings, a contralto, Mr. Sinclair Dunn, Miss Agnes Liddell, Herr Poznanski, a violinist, the St. Cecilia Society (an orchestra and chorus of lady amateurs who must be admired rather than criticised), under Mr. Malcolm Lawson, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Christine Nilsson will sail for Europe on July 2. Mesdames Emma Abbott and Emma Thrusby have already arrived in England.—Miss Griswold will, it is said, make her *début* at Covent Garden towards the end of the season as Marguerite.—A concert will be given on Saturday at Major Wallace Carpenter's house for the benefit of the family of Signor Susini, an associate of Grisi and Mario. Signor Susini was killed in a street accident in London a short time ago.—Miss Rosa Leo will give a concert at 28, Ashley Place, on the 20th inst.—A new "Musical Directory" is announced to be published by Mr. F. Pitman next August.—A barely credible rumour is current that Mr. Vanderbilt has offered the capital for the completion of the Thames Embankment Opera House.—For Friday of this week Lady Brassey has called a meeting in aid of the Popular Ballad Concert Committee.—The death is announced of Mr. Charles B.raham, the composer of several drawing-room songs. In 1856 he appeared with Piccolomini and others at Her Majesty's under Lumley. The deceased, who was about sixty years of age, was a brother of the late Sarah, Countess of Waldegrave, and a son of the celebrated tenor, John Braham.—Mr. Maurice Strakosch and Mr. Max Maretzsch are both unofficially mentioned in connection with the Metropolitan Opera from New York.—The Promenade Concerts will begin at Covent Garden, August 16th, under Mr. Gwyllm Crowe.



THE TURF.—Windsor, "Appy 'Ampton," and other meetings this week have been, in their way, as attractive as usual, but the more serious section of racegoers, both winners and losers, have rather devoted the last few days to cogitations over the recent doings at Ascot and to the settlement of accounts. These latter progressed much more satisfactorily in London and elsewhere on Monday last than was generally anticipated after the fearful week backers of favourites had on the Royal Heath. Looking back for a moment on the closing days, it may be noted that the ridiculously easy win of St. Simon in the Gold Cup stamps him, if he needed further stamping, as the best animal we have had on the turf for years. How good he is we hardly know, as he has not as yet been fully "extended" by any antagonist. In his match some little time ago with the Duke of Richmond he beat him easily, and yet last week the Duke, carrying a heavy weight as a three-year-old, was second in both the Royal Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes. Cambusdore's victory in the St. James's Palace Stakes after being beaten earlier in the week showed him to be an improving horse, and likely to be fancied for the St. Leger. The New Stakes were won by Melton, but the two-year-olds did not evince much promise during the week. It was said that the Duchess of Montrose ("Mr. Manton") was so distressed at the running of her horses on the earlier days of the meeting that she made up her mind to sell off her stud shortly. The victories, however, of Energy in the Wokingham Stakes, and of Corrie Roy in the Alexandra Plate on the Friday, seem to have modified the resolve, if ever it was made. Tristan's success in the Hardwicke Stakes after his previous exertions should be noted, especially as he won this rich race in both the two previous years. Florence's victory in the High-weight Plate still further should show how good a mare she is just now. Some few favourites won on the Thursday and Friday, but for many a year there has not been a four days' meeting so utterly disastrous to backers as the recent "black" Ascot. The Northumberland Plate, though so long associated with market disappointments, seems to have given rise to some speculation, Victor Emmanuel, Robertson, and Tonans being the most fancied.

CRICKET.—It has often been said that the weather cannot be too bright or hot for cricketers. Perhaps this may be so from a spectator's point of view; but players generally, we fancy, have been fairly satisfied with the unsummerlike days we have recently experienced. Inter-county cricket has been vigorous, and the results mainly in accordance with anticipations. Lancashire, of course, beat Leicestershire, the Midland County only making 33 in its second innings, owing to the bowling of Crossland, who took seven wickets for 14 runs; Emmett's bowling mainly conducted to the defeat of Sussex by Yorkshire by an innings and 94 runs, Hall scoring 128 (not out) for the Northerners; Middlesex gained a decisive victory over Gloucestershire, Mr. O'Brien scoring 119 in his second innings for the metropolitan county; at the hands of Surrey Gloucestershire had to put up with another defeat; and Nottinghamshire, by its victory over Yorkshire, maintains its position as the best county team of the season hitherto. Oxford continues to be victorious, having beaten Lancashire at Manchester by five wickets.—The Philadelphian amateurs received a terrible mauling from Gentlemen of the M.C.C., C. T. Studd contributing 106 to its innings.—Last, but not least, the Australians are to be credited with a victory over Nottinghamshire, though the latter got thirty-nine more than the Colonials in the first innings. The finish of the game was very exciting, and the Australians only won by three wickets. Another victory to their account was that achieved on Wednesday over the University of Cambridge by an innings and eighty-one runs, which may be taken as a very consolatory result to their defeat by Oxford. Mr. J. Shuter, the Surrey captain, playing for Bexley on Saturday last against the Emeriti, performed the wondrous feat of scoring 304 (not out). His partner was Mr. Ashdown, who scored 62 (not out). With 36 byes added, the total score without a wicket down was 402, an unparalleled record in the history of cricket.

ATHLETICS.—The looked-for contingent of American athletes have arrived, and were entertained at a complimentary dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday last, by the South London Harriers. On July 5th we shall see some of them perform at Lillie Bridge, under the auspices of the A.A.A. The general impression seems to be that our champions will more than hold their own against our visitors.

LACROSSE.—At last our American visitors have suffered a reverse, a twelve representing the United Kingdom having beaten them, at Belfast, on Saturday last, by four goals to three. Previously the Americans had won ten matches and drawn one.

AQUATICS.—At Oxford, in the final heat for the Pairs, Unwin (Magdalen) and Reade (Brasenose) beat Puxley (Brasenose) and De Haviland (Corpus).

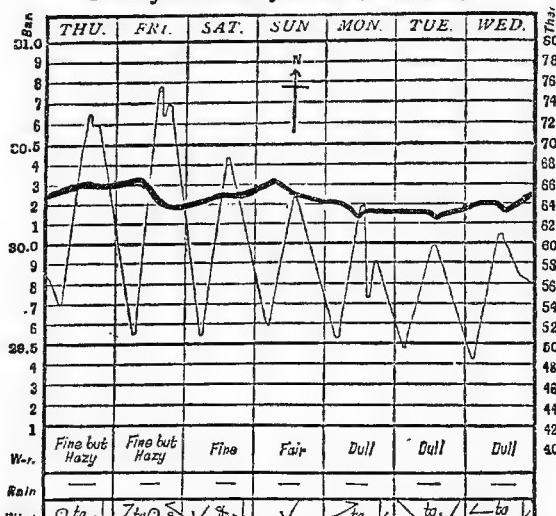
CYCLING.—The First Commissioner of Works has intimated to a deputation of the Cyclists' Union that he would not probably object to bicyclists and tricyclists using the Metropolitan Parks, with the exception of Hyde Park and the Green and St. James's Park, for the purposes of transit, but not for mere exercise, and least of all for racing. As regards general legislation of cyclists throughout the country, he did not think that the Government would entertain any such idea at present.—Another tricycling record has been beaten by Mr. W. Bourden, of the South London Tricycle Club, who has done a 100 miles ride on the road in 9 hours and 8 minutes; the previous best time being ten hours and 16 minutes.—The annual meet of tricycle clubs took place on Barnes Common on Saturday last, when twenty-five clubs put in an appearance, with a large "unattached" contingent.

POLO.—This pastime is now in full season, especially at Hurlingham, where, on Monday last, the Home Club beat the 5th Lancers, but suffered defeat from the 3rd Lancers, and also from the Rifle Brigade. At Hurlingham, too, Oxford and Cambridge have contested, victory remaining with the latter.

THE BATTLE OF EL TEB

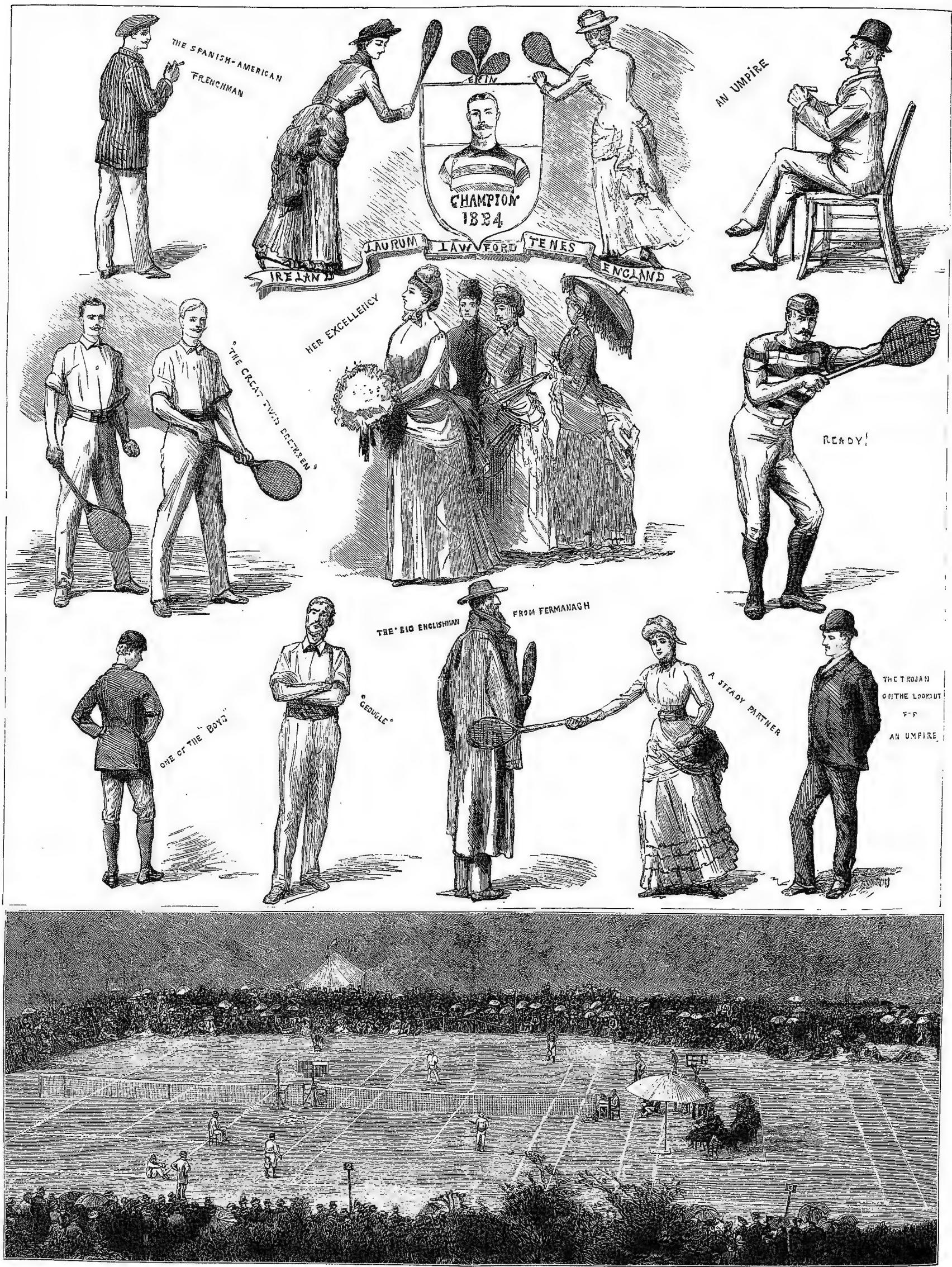
THIS painting by Major G. D. Giles, now being exhibited at Mr. Arthur Lucas's Gallery in New Bond Street, represents the charge of the Tenth (Royal) Hussars at the second Battle of Teb. Major Giles has forwarded sketches to this journal for some years past, and of the numerous artistic contributions which we are constantly in the habit of receiving from naval and military officers they have been equalled by few, either as regards accuracy of detail or artistic merit. His sketches of the Soudan campaigns both of Baker and Graham, and noteworthy those from which we engraved the panorama of the first Battle of Teb, must be fresh in our readers' memories. Some ten years since there was a gallery in an International Exhibition then being held at South Kensington, devoted to sketches furnished by officers. The result was at once interesting and disappointing—interesting from the novelty of the subjects chosen by the contributors, whose profession had afforded them far more opportunities for picturesque scenes and incidents than any ordinary artist could hope for. At the same time the sketches were disappointing from a certain crudeness of drawing and inharmonious arrangement of grouping which somewhat grated upon the eye accustomed to the carefully studied effects produced by the trained artist. Moreover, if we remember rightly there was nothing so ambitious as Major Giles's picture, which we may safely pronounce to be far above the level of the ordinary amateur. Apart from the interest with which it is endowed from the fact that the artist took part in the battle, it represents—as it is intended to represent—the battle as it really was. Not, as many imagine a battle to be—serried ranks of trimly-attired soldiers, charging with the precision of a machine and the symmetry of the parade ground; but with all the inevitable confusion of the battlefield, where each man has to strike for himself, and where inequalities of the ground and the stubborn resistance of a savage enemy speedily break the lines, and give the conflict the appearance of a disorderly *mélée*. Here the gallant Hussars are shown—not in all the glory of their carefully-groomed chargers, but mounted on rough-looking Egyptian ponies, which by the way are faithfully portrayed by Major Giles, who has caught the characteristics of the Eastern hack. Colonel Wood is in front leading on his men, while behind him may be recognised portraits of Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, Major Brabazon, Lieutenants Hervey, Onslow, and Grenfell, Lord Alwyn Compton, who is assisting a dismounted sergeant to regain his seat, Captain Allsopp, Surgeon-Major M'Namara, while in the rear Colour-Sergeant Cox, wounded to the death, is falling from his horse. The Arabs, armed with the heavy swords and miscellaneous weapons which form the armoury of the followers of the Mahdi, are seen everywhere dashing amid the horsemen with that reckless courage which so utterly discomfited the troops of Hicks and of Baker. While perhaps a little more *verve* and "go" might have been thrown into these figures, Major Giles may be certainly congratulated on having produced a faithful and stirring representation of one of the decisive actions of the campaign—more particularly when it is considered that it is little more than three months since the battle was fought, and that the picture was painted under many disadvantages at Cairo. Major Giles has already worked under Carolus Duran in Paris—a little study by him at Cairo (No. 146) may be seen on the line at the Royal Academy—and he will ere long doubtless take a good place in London artistic circles.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM JUNE 12 TO JUNE 18 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week, although showing an improvement at one time on that recently experienced, has been somewhat dull, on the whole, and cool, but (except in the extreme north) dry. At the commencement of the period a large area of high pressure lay over France, England, and the greater part of Ireland, while systems of low readings moving in a north-easterly direction were found to the north of Scotland. The winds over England blew lightly, first from the north-westward, and then chiefly from the southward, or became variable, while those over Scotland blew with some strength from the south-westward or westward, reaching the force of a fresh gale at Stornoway on one occasion. A short spell of fine warm weather now prevailed at all places except the extreme north, where cloudy skies and some rain were experienced. By Saturday (14th inst.) a new high pressure area had appeared off the southwest of Ireland, and spreading inland, gradients became very slight over the whole of the United Kingdom. The barometer rose briskly at first, but subsequently showed a general disposition to fall; the distribution of pressure, however, remaining little altered. During the closing days of the week the weather was cloudy at the majority of our stations, with a predominance of light northerly winds, drizzling rain at one or two places, and (for the time of year) low temperatures. The barometer was highest (30°33 inches) on Friday (13th inst.); lowest (29°15 inches) on Monday (16th inst.) and Tuesday (17th inst.); range, 0°18 inch. Temperature was highest (76°) on Friday (13th inst.); lowest (49°) on Wednesday (18th inst.); range, 27°. No measurable quantity of rain has fallen.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUND

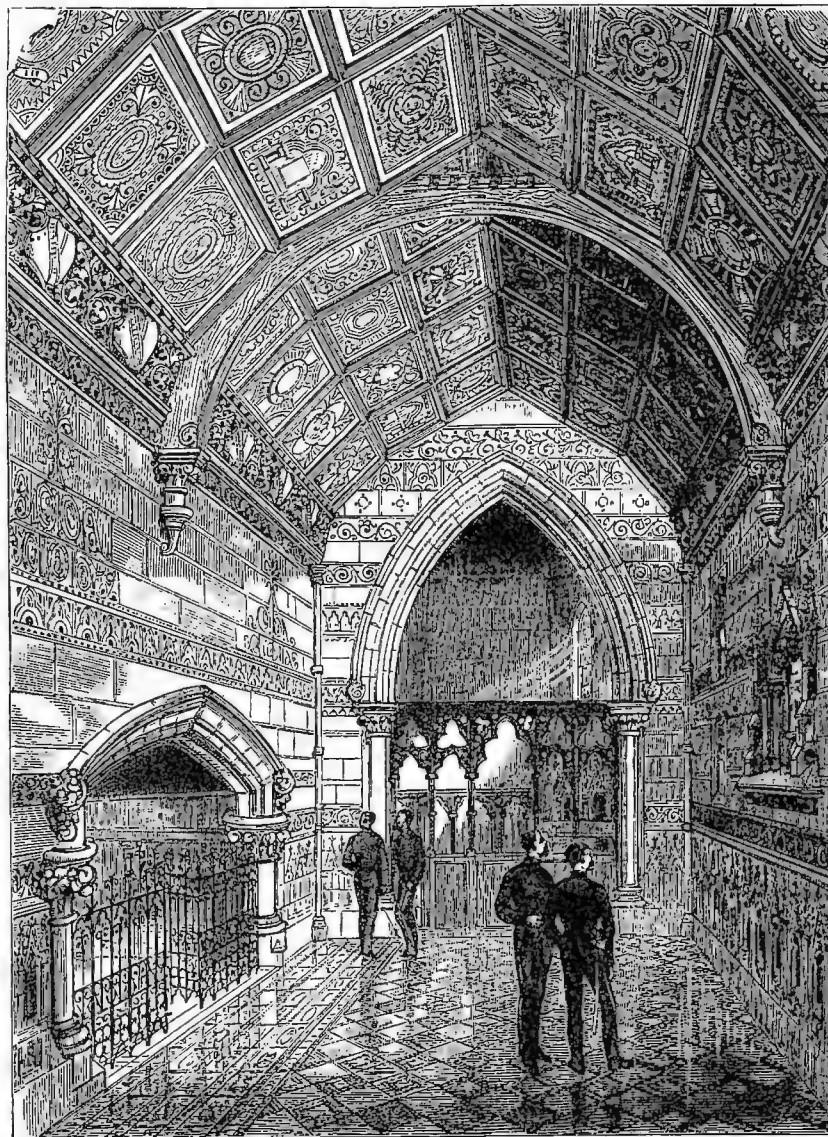
NOTES AT THE LAWN-TENNIS MEETING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF IRELAND AT DUBLIN

FIRST LIFE GUARDS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR

The Memorial Chapel erected by the 1st Life Guards at Windsor in connection with the parish church of Holy Trinity, was occupied for the first time on Sunday, March 30th, when the regiment attended a special church parade before leaving for London. The Chapel, which is to the memory of those of this corps who died during the late Egyptian campaign, is a chancel aisle designed for the occupation of the officers of the Household Brigade attending this church. Extending round the Chapel are curasses of oak, on which are carved the names of all who fell or died of sickness. The monuments of the regiment will be placed on the walls. There are two screens, one of oak and one of metal, of military design, and on the exterior of the building there are stone gargoyles and bosses of an Egyptian character. When the mural decoration is complete, and the oak stalls are in the Chapel, the whole Memorial will be very handsome. It was opened at a service conducted by the Rector, the Rev. Arthur Robins, Chaplain to the Queen, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, and the Household Troops at Windsor, when the whole of the musical portion of the service was played by the full band of the regiment. The architect is Mr. Stephen Wyborn, of Windsor.

MATCH FOR THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP OF IRELAND

This tournament, contested at Dublin under the management of the Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club, proved to be most successful. The interest was heightened by the international character imparted by the presence of the respective champions of England, Ireland, Scotland, America, and France, and the crowds which daily thronged Fitzwilliam Square testified the appreciation of the public. Our artist has represented some of the most prominent figures in the tournament. The well-known colours of Prince's Club were worthily borne by Mr. F. H. Lawford, "Ready," who wound up a grand display of consistent good form by a most brilliant defeat of his last year's conqueror, Mr. Ernest Renshaw. The hopes of Ireland were dashed by his successive defeats of Mr. E. Browne, "Genugle," and Mr. Chatterton. Nor was the Emerald Isle more successful with their lady champion, Miss M. Langrishe, whose colours were lowered by Miss M. Watson, who showed superiority at every point, although



MEMORIAL CHAPEL ERECTED AT WINDSOR TO THE MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS WHO FELL IN THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN

the Iris' combination of the Misses Langrishe was too strong for the latter lady with her sister representing England in the ladies' doubles.

The West Middlesex boys, Messrs. E. L. Williams and E. Lewis, carried off a fair share of prizes, their neat and finished style of play making them very popular with the spectators.

The "big Englishman from Fermanagh," better known outside Dublin as Sir Victor Brooke, succumbed in the final round of the Veteran's Cup to a more youthful opponent. Neither of the American champions could get a better position than fifth in the "All-comers' Singles," while Mr. B. S. de Garmendia, the "Spanish-American-Frenchman," made little or no fight against the experienced players of the home countries. Of all the umpires none was more attentive to his "line," or more in request among the players, than Lord Kilmaine, the most competent of a body of semi-officials whose decisions throughout the week gave universal satisfaction. The chief management of the Meeting rested with Messrs. Graves and Maconchy.

At the conclusion the prizes were presented by Her Excellency the Countess Spencer.

Our figure illustrations are from sketches by Miss May Maguire, and the general view of the ground is from a photograph by Messrs. J. Robinson and Sons, 65, Grafton Street, Dublin, and 172, Regent Street, London.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT MEERUT

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have won golden opinions during their stay at Meerut, where the Duke has his head-quarters as commander of the Meerut division of the Bengal Army. Always to the fore in official proceeding; and social gaieties, their presence has infused unusual life in all circles, and the Indian papers have been full of accounts of tours of inspection by the Duke, of visits of the Duke and Duchess to neighbouring towns, where an enthusiastic welcome has ever been accorded them by the native magnates; of pig-sticking excursions, in which the Duke has never failed to carry his spear with distinction; of school prize distributions by the Duchess; of lawn tennis matches, and innumerable other minor fêtes. Their residence at Meerut is a very ordinary and plainly furnished bungalow, the only elaborately decorated room being the Duchess's boudoir. The Duke and Duchess have now gone to the hills for the hot season.



AN AFTERNOON PARTY ON BOARD H.M.S. "AUDACIOUS" AT HONG KONG



SAFFRON WALDEN was *en fête* last week, when the Essex Agricultural Society visited what is perhaps the most picturesque town of an unpicturesque county. The English people are backward in the art of display, and a severe critic might have said that the decorations were more diffuse than satisfactory, and showed in fact no originality and very little taste. Severe criticism, however, would have been out of place under such a beautiful sun as shone upon both days of the Show. Lord Braybrooke's pleasant park looked its best, the recent rains have refreshed the turf, while the trees were in their fullest verdure and beauty. The Show itself was an excellent one, the horses being extremely good for a county exhibition, and quite putting in the shade the exhibits of the combined southern counties seen at Maidstone in the previous week. In the awards there were some complaints that the judges had preferred symmetry to size, but when we add that the third quantity—action—was undoubtedly on the side of the judges' awards, it will be felt that the weight of evidence supported the actual awards. A splendid colt, shown by Lord Ellesmere, took a first prize which nobody grudged him, while the same exhibitor also took an extremely well-merited first prize in the open class for mare and foal. Among the hack stallions were some excellent animals, and a remarkably good hunter of Sir Thomas Lennard's attracted attention. Two very fine cobs, "Movement" and "Queen of the Gipsies," also commanded notice.

THE CATTLE were probably the best show ever seen in Essex. Lord Braybrooke's bull, a beautiful sire of the true Suffolk colour, took first prize, while Mr. Green's two-year-old bull was extensively admired in the class for animals of that age. The Shorthorn Dairy Company sent some beautiful cows, and in fact carried all before them in that class. The Channel Islands cattle were very fine, some lovely animals of silver-grey colour being shown.

LOD EUSTACE CECIL, speaking at the Society luncheon, referred to the fact that while the live stock of the country had diminished by three millions on the past twelve years, and the population increased by four millions, the price of beef and mutton remained stationary. He did not contend that meat was too cheap, but he gave the figures as indicating the extent to which foreign competition must have come in. That farmers had not been able to supply the extra food themselves, and so keep the money in the country, was largely due to the ravages of various diseases among the flocks and herds, and he therefore hoped that the Government would use their influence—if any influence was of any good—in removing the burdens and imposts which kept down English farming enterprise, and he also hoped the Administration would do their very best to prevent any increase of infectious disease.

ESSEX FARMING is seen nowhere to better advantage than on the well-managed estates and farms round Saffron Walden, Audley End, and Bishop Stortford, so that what we saw in that district last week may be taken as the brighter, and not the darker, side of the picture. It is therefore rather unsatisfactory to have to say that the barley looked but a poor crop, only just pushing through the ground in some places, and in others sadly eaten away by wire-worm. Oats were very much in the same plight, but beans and peas seemed to have done better than the limited rainfall since Easter would have led one to expect. Wheat was coming nicely into ear, but the season must be regarded as rather backward than the reverse. The Essex markets, owing to the improved prospects of keep, have rallied both for store beasts and sheep: from 30s. to 35s. ahead is now frequently given for good strong lambs, which is a price fairly remunerating the breeder. We were glad to note at the Saffron Walden Show a good number of butter samples very attractively laid out in a tent specially allotted to dairy produce. The growing importance of this branch of farm industry is becoming increasingly recognised, while the nearness of Essex to London affords a special inducement to farmers of this county.

THE MEAT SUPPLY is being vigorously taken up by the colonies. The total imports of fresh mutton last month amounted to 26,344 cwt., against 7,212 cwt. for the corresponding period of 1883, while the total of fresh beef importations reached 104,609 cwt., against 66,544 cwt. in 1883. Farmers should do their best to hold their own against the colonist and the importer, but should the battle go hard with them they ought to have their dairies to fall back upon. The American cheese and the French butter which are imported could well be dispensed with if home producers would only bestir themselves.

CHEESE AND SKIM MILK.—It is not impossible that hard cheese may soon be once more produced in England at prices fairly underselling the United States. A paper read at the recent Dairy Conference at Gloucester showed that skim milk, after the whole of the cream has been extracted for butter making, may profitably be made into a good palatable cheese by mixing with it a certain proportion of beef fat, by which the loss of the cream is tolerably well compensated. Of course this cheese would be of secondary quality, but the *adulteration*, if the use of so harsh a word be necessary, is with a healthy and nourishing food, which comparatively few people now-a-days rejoice in as a separate form of aliment. The taste of this cheese is said to be by no means unpleasant, and cheapness, when the food is also healthy, is always a great consideration.

THE GROWING WHEAT had not come into ear by the end of May anywhere in England, and the earliest ears came from Surrey fields on the 5th of June. A farmer near York has been keeping a register for the past twenty years of the dates when his wheat plants were first seen to shoot into ear, and as a general rule he finds that the earlier the period of this development, the more rapidly usually come the after stages, bringing ripening and the harvest, and early harvests, as a rule, he finds brings the best crops in the North, where the heat soon goes out of the year, and late corn stands great chance of never ripening. This year, this farmer's wheat eared on the 12th June, being earlier than any year since 1875, when it eared on the 11th. A farmer in Cambridgeshire, whose observations reach back to 1834, marked this year his wheat coming into ear on the 8th of June, and adding together the dates of the fifty-one years, he finds curiously enough that the 8th of June is the average of the cycle. For the twelve latest years, however, the average date has been 12th of June, so that the wheat is rather in advance of the mean date for the latest average period. But from 1871 to 1883 was a bad time, such as we hope England will never see again. Three good wheat crops to nine bad ones is a predominance of evil fortune which may not recur for centuries.

OXFORD has a right to grumble if the water supply of the city is bad, and when it asks for pure water it should remember the advice of a famous advertisement, and "see that it gets it." But Vice-Chancellor Jowett was surely well advised when he declined to promote a meeting on the subject to be held in the midst of Commemoration festivities. The water supply may leave much to be desired, but the bills of mortality compare very favourably with those of other places of similar population, and a discussion on the poisonous character of certain "sources" had perhaps better be carried on *in camera*. The drainage of the whole locality has now

been placed in such an admirable state that the drawbacks of the low-lying situation are almost entirely obviated. The proper regulation of the water supply will follow in due course.

THE LOWER RIVER is a matter of much more serious trouble. The proposal to establish gigantic sewage works at Mortlake is viewed with a feeling of absolute terror by the inhabitants of all the suburbs between Barnes and Wandsworth on the Surrey, and between Chiswick and Chelsea on the Middlesex bank. The daily discharge of liquid filth into the Thames, and the continual passage of barges laden with solid matter, which is to be taken through London to the Essex marshes, are subjects which may well cause alarm, not only to residents along the river, but also to the numerous boating clubs and frequenters of the lower river.

THE BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION were recently complaining of want of funds; but they state that "this defect is now remedied"—a piece of intelligence which is very welcome. The Association have decided to hold the next Dairy Show at Islington, on the 7th October and following days, when, as they announce, "new classes will be introduced for pigs, silos, roots, eggs, and cream separators"—all of them interesting objects to agriculturists, though scarcely to be classed as dairy products. The pigs are to be fed on skim milk, we suppose; the roots are for the cows, and so is the ensilage from the silos.

JERSEY CATTLE go on gaining in favour with English farmers, particularly with the richer class. The Society specially formed to encourage the rearing of these animals has increased the number of its members from 184 to 218, the latest accessories including the Duke of Edinburgh, the Earl of Bradford, and Sir Reginald Graham. The Society is receiving from subscriptions and other sources about 250/- per annum in excess of its expenditure, and may accordingly be deemed in a prosperous financial state. Much difficulty has been experienced in getting particulars of the breeding of animals exported from Jersey to England, and in getting the breeders in Jersey to certify as to their animals' parentage, &c. The certificates required by the Society need three signatures, and are rather inquisitorial documents, so we do not wonder at the difficulty experienced. But the Society recommends its members not to buy without the certificates; and when Jersey breeders learn that with these papers their stock will fetch more money than without, they will doubtless manage to comply with the Society's regulations, irksome though they may consider them.

THE LAND LEGISLATION of Mr. Gladstone seems to have had its due effect upon the market value of Irish freehold estates. The country is now comparatively quiet, and the scene of outrages has been shifted from Connemara to Pall Mall; yet of three freehold estates offered for sale on the 6th of June in the Landed Estates Court, before Judge Flanagan, two were adjourned, owing to want of bidders, while the third was sold at fifteen years' purchase.



THE preparations for the production of *Twelfth Night* at the LYCEUM are actively progressing, but whether so early a date as this day fortnight can be kept is, we believe, not quite certain. Although the arrangements for the forthcoming return of the company to the United States preclude the possibility of more than a very brief run, the comedy will be put on the stage in the most elaborate style. The artists engaged on the scenery are Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. W. Telbin, Mr. Cuthbert, and Mr. Selby Hall. That Mr. Irving will play Malvolio, and Miss Ellen Terry Viola, was announced on the opening night of this season in Mr. Irving's speech. Mr. F. Terry, who plays the part of Sebastian, is a brother of Miss Ellen Terry.

In *Mam'selle Nitouche*, Madame Judic is seen to even greater advantage than in *Niniche*. The piece is an ingenious elaboration of a droll and clever notion, and it furnishes this accomplished actress and delightful vocalist with abundant opportunities for the display of her talents. Her rendering of the old song of "Cadet and Babet" possesses a freshness and a charm which have little in common with the qualities that have won popularity for the Teresas and Schneiders of the Parisian stage. Madame Judic has during the latter part of the week appeared in *La Cosaque*. Rather late on Saturday evening she appeared before a brilliant and distinguished audience in the handsome private theatre of the New Club in Serpette's musical sketch, *La Princesse*, which was followed by some of her most popular chansonnieres.

It is always a welcome duty—and the more so because it is unfortunately rare—to record a successful production of a new piece by an unknown, or comparatively unknown, author at one of those tentative morning performances which are just now much in fashion. Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's *Happy-Go-Lucky*, brought out in this way at the GLOBE Theatre last week, is decidedly above the average merit of such pieces. It is a domestic drama, in which the pathetic and the humorous are blended with some talent for construction, and a not less promising faculty for depicting character and writing dialogue. It has been justly said that the play resembles in some degree the productions of Mr. Craven, whose dramas, if they have not achieved any great or enduring renown, are very pleasing in tone and generally interesting in story. The author was fortunate in the selection of Mr. Lionel Brough for the part of Mat'leams, a broken-down coachman turned cabdriver, who in the person of that excellent actor is a very amusing and sympathetic personage. Mrs. Saker, Mr. Philip Beck, Mr. W. R. Sutherland, and others also lent efficient aid in the representation of a play which furnishes good ground for expecting other and more mature work from the same pen.

It has been lately mentioned in the papers that Mr. Toole has made a present to Mr. Irving of the beautiful silver vase presented to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage in 1817; but the circumstances of the gift have not yet been told. The vase, designed by the celebrated Flaxman, and bearing a long inscription recording the circumstances of the original presentation, was lately in the keeping of Bond Street jeweller, in whose house Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole happened to see it. A few days later Mr. Irving, having heard that the vase was for sale, hastened down to purchase it; but to his chagrin he learnt that it had been sold that very morning to a stranger representing a customer equally unknown. Mr. Irving's disappointment was but of brief duration. On getting back to the Lyceum Theatre, he found the vase on his table, with a note from Mr. Toole, from which he learnt that the purchaser was no other than his old friend and comrade, who now begged his acceptance of this interesting relic.

The programme of the performances for the benefit of the Actors' Penitent Fund at DRURY LANE on Thursday was of the usual extensive kind, including single acts and scenes from seven or eight popular plays, and engaging the services of many of the most distinguished performers now in London.

Miss Kate Vaughan, who has lately been so successful in her impersonation of lively and winning heroines of old comedies, is going to play Miranda in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of *The Busybody* at the GAIETY Theatre, supported by a very strong company. Friday afternoon, the 27th inst., is fixed for this interesting revival.

Mr. Mortimer's *Gammon* will be revived at the AVENUE Theatre this evening. An entirely new burlesque of *The Rivals* from the

same pen also forms part of the programme. Miss Lydia Cowell, Mr. Righton, Miss Edith Bruce, and other popular performers will take part in both pieces.

Mr. Toole has revived *The Pretty Horsebreaker and Domestic Economy* in the place of *The Upper Crust*. *Paw Claudian* still stands forth prominently among the attractions of the popular little house in King William Street, where the season is now approaching a close, preparatory to the customary summer tour of the company.

Mr. Albery's new farcical comedy, an adaptation of *Tete de Linotte*, will be produced at the CRITERION on the 23rd inst. A benefit matinée, in aid of the funds of the East London Hospital for Children, will be given at the AVENUE by Mr. F. Hope Meriscord on the 26th inst. A new four-act comedy drama, founded upon incidents of hospital life, entitled *Sister Grace*, will be produced.

A pleasing series of "conférences" on French dramatists, classical and modern, is being given at the STEINWAY HALL by Mdlle. Thénard, of the Comédie Française. Instead of delivering a formal biographical and critical lecture, Mdlle. Thénard gossips confidentially about various authors' life and works, illustrating her theme by amusing anecdotes and extracts from plays. Molière, as the "French Shakespeare," began the series, and the second conference was devoted to the two Dumas, when Mdlle. Thénard showed no small skill in treating the somewhat risky subjects of Dumas Fils' works before a British audience. Racine, Voltaire, Corneille, Sardou, Augier, &c., are to follow, and Mdlle. Thénard's charming easy style and polished elocution well deserve a hearing from lovers of the Gallic drama.



THE COURT OF APPEAL have reversed the judgment of Mr. Justice Stephen, who decided that the Board of Works for the Wandsworth District had a legal right to prevent the United Telephone Company from suspending their wires over the streets within the Board's area of jurisdiction.

THE RATHER IMPORTANT POINT whether a pupil in a Board School can be legally compelled to learn his or her lessons at home has been dealt with by the Queen's Bench Division in a case stated by the Bradford Borough Justices. A child in a Bradford Board School having in compliance with the directions of his mother neglected to do lesson-work at home prescribed by the master, was punished by being detained in school after school-hours until he had prepared his lesson. The mother summoned the master for an assault, but the summons was dismissed by the magistrates, who left the legal question as to the powers of the master for the decision of a superior Court. The Court have decided that the master had no authority to impose upon the children the duty of studying at home, and that the Justices ought to have convicted him for an assault.

A STRANGE APPLICATION was made in the Divorce Court on Tuesday. Last November a Mrs. Troward obtained a decree nisi in a divorce suit instituted by her against her husband, who is described as "a gentleman occupying a very respectable position." In ordinary course the decree nisi would have been made absolute. But Mr. and Mrs. Troward having made up their differences and living together again, she asked to have her petition dismissed, and the decree nisi rescinded. Sir James Hannan gave his assent conditionally on the execution of some legal formalities.

THE RE-APPEARANCE in *propria persona* of the indefatigable and resolute Mrs. Weldon before the Queen's Bench Division this week has elucidated a curious legal point raised by the defendant, her husband's solicitor, in an action for slander, which she is bringing against him. The date of the alleged slander was April, 1876, and the defendant pleaded the Statute of Limitations, enacting that an action for slander must be brought within two years after the commission of the offence. But it also enacts that if the person slandered being *femme covert*, i.e., a married woman, shall become "discover," the two years shall date from the time of such an alteration of her status. Mrs. Weldon argued that, as under the Married Woman's Property Act of 1882, she can sue as if she was a single woman, the defendant's plea was untenable, and the judges agreeing with her, a decision was given in her favour.

EDWARD PEARCE, a boy in the employment of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, has been committed for trial at the next Kent Assizes on the charge of attempting to wreck the Dover express under the circumstances detailed in these columns last week.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT is so far from being abolished except in name, that according to a return just issued 5,370 debtors have been incarcerated during the past year by County Court Judges alone.

THE ARTISTS' ANNUITY FUND will give a smoking evening next Monday, at the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street.

A GRAND FLORAL FÊTE AND FAIR on behalf of the Surgical Appliance Society will be held in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Hyde Park, on July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, the usual round of musical and dramatic amusements and a summer flower show uniting with a sale of work. This Society provides the crippled poor with artificial limbs, crutches, &c., and, though entirely unendowed, has relieved 300,000 persons since its foundation in 1872.

WEST LONDON HOSPITAL.—A festival dinner was held in aid of this institution at Willis's Rooms on the 17th inst., the Lord Mayor presiding. London is now so rapidly extending, that the older hospitals are too remote to be available for urgent cases. The force of circumstances has developed the one in question from a humble dispensary to a fine building at Hammersmith. Those able to assist will confer a boon on the poor, of which there are many, in this neighbourhood, by aiding with funds that are urgently needed.

ART-QUARRELS IN THE FAR WEST.—"In San Francisco," writes a correspondent, "as in many other cities in the United States, there is an Art Association to which an Art School is attached, and in the rooms of which an annual exhibition of pictures is held. Although San Francisco is apparently so far away from Art culture yet the merit of the local artists here would compare well with any city in the United States, excepting New York and Boston. In a small way here (much the same as in our own country with the Royal Academy) the Art Association has been found to be a sort of monopoly, or is thought so by a good many of the artists, and for some years the discontent has been growing, and at last has come to a focus. About thirty artists have started a sort of Club (California Palette Club) for the furtherance of Art, and to hold their own exhibitions. In the mean time, the Art Association finds itself in a difficult position, nearly every artist of standing having joined the so-called Palette Club, and though several of them are members of the Art Association nominally, yet all their support will be given to the former Club, no member of which will send to the Art Association any pictures. As regards the sales at the annual exhibitions, they are very poor, perhaps some half-dozen pictures or so selling, which does not say much for the Art patronage of a rich city like San Francisco."

NOTICE.—The CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JULY contains the commencement of a NEW STORY by JAMES PAYN, entitled "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"She saluted me with great politeness, and Frank (whom she kissed) with peculiar tenderness."

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JENNY'S SCHEME

This project of Jenny's contrivance was so simple, and seemed so easy, that it completely took possession of my mind, and for a time I could scarce think of anything else. For to liberate my Lord would be so great and wonderful a thing. Why, these people who act can assume, and make others assume, any appearance they please; had I not seen Mr. Hilyard under a dozen disguises? It would be nothing for Jenny to make first Frank, and then the Earl, into another person altogether. "Nay," said Mr. Hilyard, "but you forget that when I have deceived you, it is first through your imagination the cheat is wrought, so that I made you think of a physician first, before I assumed the bearing and guise of one; and of the blacksmith, John Purdy, before I became that man. And so with the stage. Before Jenny steps across the boards—majesty in her face, sovereignty in her eyes, authority in her carriage—you have been prepared to expect a Queen; and, lo! she stands before you. But without this preparation and talk disguise is not so easy, and Jenny's scheme will want, methinks, the help of twilight. Then, indeed, it might be safely tried, Mr. Frank's resemblance to his brother being so great that he might, by candle-light even, pass very well for the Earl. But he gets daily worse instead of better."

We began then to consider the strange nature of Jenny's power over him, so that what she should command that he would straightway do; and, whereas at Dilston it was in a trance that he did these things, now it was with all his wits awake, and of his own free will—a mere slave to the will of a woman.

"In this respect," said Mr. Hilyard, "he only follows many illustrious examples of antiquity—Solomon among others."

"Did she give him a love potion? or did she by some other magic and witch-like art steal his affections for himself?"

"Nay, Miss Dorothy," said Mr. Hilyard, "you understand not the strength of love nor the power of Jenny's beauty." She had bright black eyes, red lips, and a rosy cheek, with black curls and a tall, good figure; and, in a word, the girl was well enough, and might have pleased some honest fellow of her own rank and birth. "She is," continued Mr. Hilyard, "a most beautiful and bewitching creature; witty and roguish. You must not suppose because a gentlewoman seldom or never loves a man below her own degree (yet Venus, the great goddess, loved Adonis, the shepherd boy) that therefore a gentleman cannot love a woman of inferior birth. Why Boaz, a great Prince, as one may suppose, loved Ruth, who seemed to him a simple leasing maid, and King Cophetua loved a

beggar-maid. There are other examples too many to enumerate. As for Jenny's witcheries, I believe not in them any more than consists in her bright eyes and smiles."

"But, oh! Mr. Hilyard, remember what she did at Dilston and what I saw, although she deceived me, lying without shame."

"Truly," he said, "I forgot not. It is strange to think upon. There was once, as is related, learned scholar of Oxford who fell into a kind of melancholy, and conceived a disgust at the company of his fellows. Wherefore he presently left his college and his companions, and, going away into the fields, fell in with a band of gypsies, and continued with them all his life, asking for nothing more than they could give him—namely, to dwell in the open air, to sleep in tents, to endure the extremes of weather, to live hard, and to have no discourse on books, religion, philosophy, or any of the subjects in which he had formerly been conversant. But to one seeking him in this strange retirement, he said that the gipsy race was possessed of many and marvellous secrets, some of which had been imparted to himself, and that, without any agreement or covenant with the Devil, they could so cheat the eyes and brains of men and women as to make them do what they wished, see things invisible, hear voices afar off, and believe what they were told to believe. So Frank Radcliffe, being asleep, seemed awake, and knew not afterwards what he had said or done. Yet no devilry."

Who can understand these things?

"Why," I asked, "seeing that you are so great a scholar, cannot you cure Frank of this madness?"

He shook his head.

"Because when all the medicines for the cure of love have been applied, there still remains the lover. Why to love as Frank is in love is to be strong, to be a man on whom the *remedium amoris* is but a sham. Any weak man may think himself in love with a girl of his own degree; but this kind of love, as when one hath loved a mermaid, or sea-dragon, and another a fairy, and another a black woman, is not to be cured, and means great strength of will and passion unconquerable. From ordinary passions a strong man like myself keeps himself free; especially when, Miss Dorothy," he looked at me with a soft suffusion of his eyes, "when a man is prevented from loving other women, because he is always in presence of one so godlike, that the rapt senses cannot endure to think upon a creature of lower nature."

"But," I said, leaving the subject of love's madness, "Jenny's project is so easy, that it seems ridiculous to hope that it hath not been guarded against."

"The greatest things," he said, "are sometimes effected in the easiest manner. The mathematician of Syracuse fired a fleet with burning-glasses. But he did not invent the burning-glass. And I remember the egg of Columbus."

I went to see Frank. He had a lodging near Jenny in Red Lion Street just now; the weather being so hard, he stirred not abroad at all, but sat beside the fire all day, suffering grievously from his cough.

"Cousin Dorothy," he said, pleased, indeed, to see me (but his cheeks were thin and hollow and his shoulders rounded, so that it was sad to look upon him), "I heard that you were in town; I would to Heaven it were on a more pleasant errand; I cannot get abroad to see any one, not even my brothers in the Tower and in Newgate, poor lads! nor my sister-in-law, the Countess, who hath too much to think of, so that she cannot be expected to come here. Off hood and cloak, cousin, and draw a chair near the fire, and talk to me, because I may not talk much." Another fit of coughing seized him and shook him to and fro, so that at the end he lay back among his pillows exhausted.

I told him what news I had to tell, and gave him such comfort as I had to give, which was not much; yet I could tell him that I had seen my Lord, and how he looked, and how he had hopes from his noble friends and cousins.

"As for me," he said; "what use am I in the world to anybody? And at such a juncture to be thus laid by the heels and unable to stir! Ah! Dorothy, it is weary work lying here whither no one comes, save Mr. Hilyard, who is very good, and keeps up my heart, and every day, never failing, the best, the kindest, the most beautiful of her sex—"

"You mean Jenny Lee," I said.

"Whom should I mean but that incomparable creature? Dorothy, I should be the happiest of men because the divine Jenny hath promised to marry me as soon as I am recovered of this plaguey cough. I know not yet where we shall live; she will leave the stage, which is the scene of her triumphs, but yet no fit place for a gentleman's wife; we will go somewhere into the country, it matters not where, so that we have a garden, and are retired from mankind, and especially from those who ride up and down exhorting us to be ready for the Prince. As for religion, I am what I am; but my children shall be of the religion of their country, with which Jenny, who hath been religiously brought up, is well content."

As for Jenny's religion, I doubt much if she had kept any, but to be sure her mother had her taught the Catechism and Ten Commandments with the Lord's Prayer.

He was going to add more, but he stopped as if arrested in the current of his thoughts, and held up his finger, crying, "She is coming. Hush! I hear her footstep."

I listened, but could hear nothing except the cries of those who hawled their wares in the street below, and from Holborn the roll of carts and waggon. How could he hear her step, when it was five minutes, at least, before she came (and then in her glass coach) and knocked at the door of the house?

It was about three o'clock of the afternoon, and she was finely dressed, because she would presently go on her way to the theatre, and beneath her furred cloak she wore hoops and a crimson satin petticoat, with a white silk frock and long train, very rich and magnificent, and a great quantity of lace, her head very finely dressed, and patches artfully bestowed. She saluted me with great politeness, and Frank (whom she kissed) with peculiar tenderness, asking what kind of night he had passed, and if he was not better. "Much better," said the poor lad, "and very much stronger," but another cough began. Thereupon Jenny took both his hands, made him look her in the face, laid down his hands, and passed hers before his eyes, and then—oh! strange! he lay back upon his pillows asleep, breathing lightly like a child.

"Your Ladyship perceives," she said, "that there is no physician like Jenny, and no medicine like the practice of the gipsies."

"Oh, Jenny," I whispered, looking curiously at the sleeping man, "it is wickedness; it cannot be anything short of sorcery. Women have been burned for less."

"Oh, yes, I know. Poor creatures who could not even read the lines of the hand. They were burned for much less. Wherefore we of the Romany tribe hide these gifts, and practise them only among ourselves; but not all have the power; and by this means we allay the pains of toothache and rheumatism to which we are liable; and we find out what goes on far away; and yet I know not of any Devil in it at all. See now, Miss Dorothy"—she caught my hand—"he is not asleep; he is quiet with eyes closed, because I have ordered it. He will now answer any question you ask him. Shall he tell us what my Lord is doing in the Tower?"

"No—yes—Jenny, it is wicked."

"Tell me, Frank, what your brother is doing in the Tower?"

"He is sitting alone by the fireside; a book is before him, but he reads it not; he is thinking of Dilston and his children. Now a tear falls from his eye; now—"

"Jenny, for the love of God, stop him. I dare not—it is impious—to pry into my Lord's secret and sacred thoughts."

She looked at me curiously. "I will tell you," she said, "if he loves you still."

"I will hear no more. Oh! Jenny, Jenny, these are, truly, arts of the Devil."

She shook her head and laughed. "Fear not, Miss Dorothy; I will ask him no more questions. Let him rest in peace for half-an-hour, then he will be easier. If I could spend the whole day and night here, nursing him, he should soon recover. For, see you, it is the strength and violence of his cough that pulls him to pieces. If I were here I would stop each attack at the very beginning, and so he would soon get strength."

Then I asked her about her project for the Earl's release. She said she thought of it, because it would please Frank, when he got better, to attempt it; because it was a thing easy of accomplishment; and because it would please myself. As for his Lordship, she shrugged her shoulders, and said that when her own people went stealing poultry, poisoning pigs, lifting linen from the hedge, and other things forbidden by the law, they were hanged, flogged, pilloried, branded in the cheek, or transported to the plantations, without any one trying to save them or crying over them. The punishment, she said, was part of the life. Those who did such things tried to escape detection; but, if they were caught, they knew what to expect. Wherefore, in the same way, those who rebelled against the King should take the consequences without all this crying over it; but she hoped his Honour (meaning my brother Tom) would get safely out of Newgate; and since Frank, who was her sweetheart, and I, who was her old mistress, ardently desired it, she hoped that Lord Derwentwater would also get off scot free.

Then I asked her when she would open the business to Frank.

"Why," she replied, laying her hand tenderly on his thin cheek, "your Ladyship must please to understand that Frank is my man. I suffer no one to come between my man and me." She turned and glared upon me like a tigress. "It is I who must first speak with him about it, and must choose the time and everything."

"Surely, Jenny, it is your plan. No one will interfere with you."

"They wanted to tear him from me, and drag him off to the wars. Charles Radcliffe was here, and said hard words, but heard harder. Was I going to suffer him on such a fool's errand? Nay, I warrant you. So Master Charles went off without him, and hath brought his pigs to a pretty market. Trust me, Miss Dorothy." Her voice became soft, and so did her eyes. "Trust me; as soon as my poor boy is better, he shall do this thing. I will leave him behind, and carry the Earl away with me. There will be no fear for him; though at first they will talk of High Treason, and the rest. At present a deal of foolishness is talked, and we at the Theatre get hissed and applauded every night for some line or other which has a meaning. But they will let him out."

"Meanwhile, your Ladyship," she said, "it is now four o'clock, and soon I must drive away to the Theatre. Will you leave us? I must restore him first, and make him comfortable for the night, and see to his broth and medicine. Will you kindly come again to see him, and pardon the daily presence of your old servant?"

I wished her good night and came away, but she shamed me with her courtly courtesy and the sweep of her hoops and train.

"On the stage," said Mr. Hilyard, "all is exaggerated, from the setting of a chair to the dropping of a curtsey. Therefore, poor Jenny, who hath acquired her manners on the boards, saluted you as if you were the Queen and she the unfortunate heroine."

"And what of poor Frank, Mr. Hilyard?"

"Truly," he replied, and my heart sank, thinking of my Lord and of Jenny's project, "I fear his days will be few and full of suffering, and his life here on earth like that in the Kingdom of Heaven in one respect—namely, that there will be in it neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LORDS' TRIAL

MEANTIME, Justice was pursuing her way in the slow but certain method of English Law, which must be far more terrible to the wrongdoer than the swift and sudden revenges of foreign States. As for the gentlemen and the baser sort, though in the North many were already under sentence of death, those in London were as yet left in prison, waiting their turn in affected carelessness, in sullen gloom, in remorse, or indifference, according to their mood. Tom, for his part, changed in his temper from day to day; yet, since the Judas-like falling off of the villain Patten, he began to droop, and to lose even the cheerfulness which can be procured from a bottle of wine. As regards the Lords in the Tower, their case was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Lechmere, and their impeachment was sent to the Bar of the House of Lords. On the 9th of January they were all brought by water to the Upper House, where the Articles of Impeachment were read to them. Time being granted them to prepare their pleas, they were carried back to the Tower.

It was, perhaps, some consolation to the unfortunate prisoners that along the whole of the way in returning they were escorted by a Jacobite mob, who cheered them continually. Yet, methinks, no cheering of a mob could reconcile me to the loss of my head, coupled with the feeling that it had been foolishly thrown away. The Lords were allowed to stop on the way home at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, where for the last time they took dinner and a bottle of wine together. You would have thought, said one who saw it, that, outside, all the Jacobites in England were gathered together; or, at least, that all London was Jacobite, so great was the crowd. And when the prisoners came forth, guarded by twelve warders, there was such an uproar with pushing and struggling to touch their hands—yea, and even the skirts of their coats—as never before was seen. Had this mob been as valiant for fighting as they were for shouting, there would have been no need for the shouting at all. But it is easier to shout than to fight. Of all the London friends of the Prince, there was but one who ventured his skin. This was good Mr. Budden, an upholsterer by trade. He, at the first news of the rising, hastened North to join the English force. One—one of all that multitude! Which proves that nothing is more contemptible than the opinion of the mob, which is all for this side to-day, and that to-morrow, and with no reason or fixed principle, or power to do anything for either side but mischief, with burning of bonfires, waylaying of honest men, and pillaging of houses. Strange it is to think that there have been States in which the baser sort were considered as much as their betters, and possessed equal rights! No doubt this fact proved the ruin of those States. When the Lords had passed through their crowds of friends, and emptied their snuff-boxes among them a dozen times at least, they got back to their coaches, and so passed slowly along the streets to their prison.

They were carried on the 17th day of the month to the House of Lords to make their answers. As for that of Lord Derwentwater, he declared first of all that he was wholly unconcerned with any plot or conspiracy whatever, and that he joined in the Rising of his friends and cousins hastily and without deliberate design. This was not believed by any, as Lady Cowper hath told me; yet was it most certainly true, as I will always maintain. Plot there was, and a deep-laid, widespread plot covering the whole of the Three Kingdoms; yet was not my Lord in it, as Tom always affirmed. "Yet," says Mr. Hilyard, "the plea was insufficient. It would have answered his purpose better if he had set forth carefully, and insisted upon them, the points which made so strongly in his favour, that had the Lords duly considered them they could not choose but recommend him for clemency. *Videlicet*: first, that he was by birth a close relation to the Prince, of the same faith, and by education his personal friend and companion; therefore, it was natural that he should desire his return. Next, that he was brought up abroad, and could not know the temper of the English people, so that he fell an easy prey to designing persons, and readily believed the statements of those who reported the nation as longing for the return of the Prince—yea, and that so vehemently that they would rush with one consent to arms were an example once set—for this, and nothing short of this, was represented to us by Captain Gascoigne and his friends. Next," continued Mr. Hilyard, "would I have counselled him to prove this plea by the fact that he drew with him, who might have enlisted a thousand men, no more than a few servants, and that, when further resistance would have led to bloodshed, he consented to a surrender. And, lastly, he should have concluded with a moving appeal for clemency in the name of youth, inexperience, ignorance, and his tender family. Had I written this appeal for him," said the honest man, wiping the tears which flowed down his face, "I would have engaged upon his side every heart of sensibility in the country, whereas now they are all asking each other in wonder what means this naked plea of unpremeditation. Alas! why—why—did no one ask my advice from the beginning?"

Mr. Hilyard was certainly one of those men who believe that without their own interference nothing is done well; London breeds such men in hundreds; they swarm, I am told, in every coffee-house; nay, in every mug house they are found; they know the mistakes made by statesmen and by commanders; they are able to show, after the thing is over, what ought to have been done. But, as regards himself, I am certain that had he been consulted, there would have been, first, no Rising at all; the Earl and my brother Tom would have surrendered to the warrants; if any campaign, then one differently conducted; if any surrender, then on better terms; if any trial, then with more successful issue. And from the many discourses I have held with this one scholar, I am sure that were scholars and persons versed in ancient history to be made our statesmen, the kingdoms of the world would be singularly preserved from external wars, civil tumults, and internal dissensions.

A few days later, the Commons demanded that Judgment should be pronounced upon the rebel Lords. It must be observed that there was no trial at all; they were impeached, examined, suffered to plead, and sentenced. After three weeks the Court of High Commission ordered that the prisoners should be brought before them. Lord Cowper was made Lord High Steward, that is, President of the Court. "Alas! Dorothy," said her Ladyship, "To think that they could find no one but my husband to sentence these unhappy Lords, and two of them my own cousins! And the servants must all have new liveries!"

Though the gallant show was prepared only to sentence seven brave men to death, all London (except the poor women who wept for them) turned out to see it, including the "Jacks" who had flung up their hats for the prisoners at the door of the Fountain. There was a great coach procession to Westminster Hall, with gentlemen riding on horseback between the carriages, that of my Lord High Steward with six horses, and all the way so great a cheering for King George and the Protestant Succession, and such banging and beating of warming-pans you would have thought the town gone mad. (All this I heard, because it is not to be supposed that such as I would join the ladies who sat in the windows and waved their handkerchiefs to the Judges on this awful occasion.)

There was no noise or shouting, my informant told me, in Westminster Hall, the upper part of which was set with seats for the Peers, and the lower part left free to spectators, who crowded the great hall. Among the Peers sat the Prince of Wales, but he came not to judge so much as to look on, and showed in his face a singular concern as one after the other of the prisoners was brought forth. "As for us at the other end," said Mr. Hilyard, "I think there was not one who exulted, but all regarded with sorrow and compassion the destruction of so many great and noble Houses. When all were in their places, the Earl of Derwentwater was summoned first. Truly it must be an awful moment to stand before the assembled Peers of the Realm and to read in their eyes nothing but condemnation; or, if pity, then condemnation as well. When my Lord advanced to the Bar, all rose and bowed low, as if to show that pity as well as the respect due to his rank; but he, for his part, fell upon his knees, where he remained until he was invited by the Lord High Steward to rise. Behind him walked the gentleman jailer, carrying an axe upon his shoulder, the edge thereof turned from the prisoner.

"I declare and shall ever maintain," Mr. Hilyard continued, "that his Lordship hath been struck with judicial blindness. For, when he was asked what reasons he could allege, if any, to stay his punishment, and another opportunity was offered to move the hearts of his judges, he lost it or threw it away. Had I been in his place, I might and should have lacked the dignity which naturally belongs to one of his high rank. Yet I think I should have found

the eloquence and the wit to make a better plea for my life. The Lords would like—nay, I saw their compassion in their eyes—they would like nothing better than to save him; yet he will not help them. Why, oh! why, did he not remind the House that he had been brought up, in the very Court of St. Germain—to believe that England was longing for the Prince to return? Why did he not show them that he could not know the temper of the country, and must needs believe what he was told?

"Alas! he is no orator; he repeated only what he had said before, that he had no guilty knowledge of any plot. Further than this, that the friends of the Prince would gladly bring him back; that his joining the insurgents was unpremeditated; and that, in order to secure submission, he became a hostage. All that had been said before, and it availed nothing. I saw the faces of the Lords look at each other and grow hard. Why, what could they do when the prisoner did so little? So they put him back and called the other six, of whom Lord Wintoun alone obtained respite for further preparation of his defence."

Mr. Hilyard then gave me, as well as he could recollect it, Lord Cowper's speech on pronouncing judgment. This speech has been admired as a masterpiece of judicial oratory. I know not how that may be; it was pleasing, no doubt, for the Whigs to hear of the wickedness of rebellion; we are never tired of hearing those sins denounced which we never practise; but for the Lords awaiting their sentence, methinks the discourse might have been more merciful if it had been shorter.

"As for their reception of the sentence," said Mr. Hilyard, "no hero of antiquity could hear his condemnation pronounced with greater coolness and courage than was shown by all. Methought as Lord Derwentwater followed the jailer from the Bar—this time the edge of the axe turned towards him—so marched the constant Regulus to his doom; with such a face, set with the courage which is neither insensibility nor braggadocio, did the great Socrates go to drink his poison. My heart burned within me to kneel and kiss his hand."

"When," I asked, "must they suffer?"

"I know not; they talk of a fortnight. It is thought that by this great example the Government will show their strength. If they were not strong, it is said, they would not dare to strike so determined a blow. As for the rest, the plain gentlemen, it is thought, even by the most revengeful, that they will be suffered to escape with their lives at least. But, Miss Dorothy, let us not trust to chance. Remember: the next trial, after Lord Wintoun's case is concluded, must be his Honour's. Suffer me to go talk with Mr. Pitts."

"Not yet, Mr. Hilyard. Give me yet a week or two."

"The clemency of a King," Mr. Hilyard went on presently, "is truly a great and generous thing when it is properly displayed. Towards criminals it should never be extended; but to rebels, as much as may be. For it is better to forgive and to release, thereby showing the strength which has no fear, than to strike hard and show the strength which can revenge. Methinks in this case the King might be fitly counselled to let all go pardoned, yet punished by their defeat and ignominy, and by the loss of rank and estates, provided they promise to sit down in peace for the rest of their lives. Yet, if I were to say these things in a Coffee House, I should be kicked out of one and cudgelled in another, because the mob must have revenge. The Prince's friends themselves would rather see these men hanged with dignity than dismissed with contempt."

Much more he added on the subject of that kind of mercy which brings the culprit into contempt, arguing that great punishments do not deter others, and that those noblemen who have seen the pomp attending an execution on Tower Hill are not likely to be deterred from rebellion by its recollection. Nay, rather the contrary; for as in war every one risks his life, if one must lose it, surely it is splendid to be the hero of so great a show. "Thus in the lower classes," he said, "who are mostly insensible to pain, the procession of the cart, with the shouts of the people, all eyes turned towards the sufferer, the cries to the driver to whip up his horse, and to him who wields the cat to let it fall lightly—these things, I say, destroy the pain and substitute a kind of glory. Even in France, the wretch who goeth forth to have his limbs crushed upon the wheel bears his head erect and is of a bold countenance, because of the crowds who have come out to see him. Wherefore, for the better putting down of crime, let the whippings and the hangings be secret; and for the better putting down of treason, let there be no executions, but only loss of estate and contempt. When scholars become Ministers and philosophers statesmen, the world shall be better ordered."

Why did not Heaven make Mr. Hilyard the son of a noble House since he could thus discourse so wisely?

I was told afterwards by Lady Cowper, from whom I learned a great deal, that the unhappy Lord Derwentwater, being under examination by the Council, did himself much harm in his replies concerning a certain letter from the Prince. In this letter His Highness thanked him for the transmission of some moneys, said kind things concerning Colonel Thomas Radcliffe, and spoke hardly of Mr. Will Radcliffe, another of my Lord's uncles, who lived in Rome. The letter, which was intercepted I know not how, also furnished particulars concerning private persons, which enabled the Ministry to seize various papers of consequence. The prisoner seemed to the Council to trifl with them, treating the letter as an invention and a trick. Possibly he did this, out of the great kindness of his heart, in order to avoid implicating others, because no one that I know ever had the least doubt that he kept up a correspondence with the Prince, his old playfellow. I cannot understand how Lady Cowper (who took all her opinions from her husband) could speak of his answer as showing what she called ill manners and foolish cunning. Certainly a man must try to screen his friends, and the Council must have known on what terms the Prince and Lord Derwentwater had always been.

I have long considered and often debated with Mr. Hilyard the case of this trial, and the reasons why Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure alone should have been executed, seeing that neither was worse than the other five, and that one of them was better (so to speak), because he might have brought into the field so many hundreds of men, and he brought none. Mr. Hilyard, who is now a confessed Whig and all for the Protestant Succession, agrees with me that King George at first intended to sacrifice the whole seven, with as many of the gentlemen as he decently could, in order to strike terror.

"We must remember," he said, "that, until hangings began in Liverpool and Preston, not one of the people in the North, whether prisoners or at large, believed that the King would dare hang any, so great was their delusion as regards the strength of the cause. But when the King saw how many of his friends would be struck, and their affections alienated by the deaths of these great Lords, he began to consider which among them had the fewest friends. These were the Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure. As regards the former, his title was of so recent date that he had few cousins among the Lords, and his education having been abroad he had no friends at all among the Peers. Therefore, it was resolved at last (even Lord Nithsdale being reprieved on the very day of his escape) that these two alone should be done to death."

I would say with regard to the astonishment of the North Country people at the sentences, and their stubborn belief in the cause, that the chief reason why so many held aloof, why those who came brought so few with them, and why the whole five counties of the

North, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, did not all rise together, was that each man thought he should not be wanted; because his neighbours who were sure to go would suffice; one had business, or was ill, or newly married—always some excuse; and when the Enterprise went from good to bad, and from bad to worse, all the more reason for sitting still, for why throw good money after bad? Since I understood this, I have ceased from feeling indignation against those who ought to have come out, but who stayed at home.

(To be continued)



"THE DAILYS OF SODDEN FEN," by the author of "Four Crotches to a Bar" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a work of real originality, not only with regard to its leading idea and characters, but even in its form, which is a rare event in fiction indeed. The author is a firm believer—at any rate for artistic purposes—in the doctrine that all things repeat themselves in time, and that there is a hereditary predisposition which may do the work of insuperable destiny. A Daily who belonged to quite ancient history repeats himself in the person of a far-off descendant, while the tragic end of both is so identical that the Latin epitaph which marked the tomb of the original Digory Daily exactly serves for that of Adam January Daily, his eccentrically-christened representative and reflection in a distant generation. The ancestor had acquired a piece of reclaimed land in the Fen country in order to make a free gift of it to the people, but his motives had been misunderstood, and he was killed in a riot. The land, lost to both people and purchaser, came at last, by a chain of coincidences, into the ownership of Adam January, who also, but in a yet more tragic manner, becomes a martyr to his inherited desire to benefit his neighbours. It is difficult, or rather impossible, to state this simple plot in such a manner as to give any idea of its singularly effective and original treatment. Apparently affording but little scope for pathos, and almost entirely free from all the conventional methods of exciting interest, it becomes deeply pathetic, especially at the close. The characters, moreover, are admirable examples of strong portraiture, more especially Adam's father, with his family of twelve children named consecutively after the months of the year, and in doubt how to name a thirteenth who is coming. The village democrat, yet with an overwhelming sense of his own supposed rights of property, full of all sorts of selfish and generous inconsistencies, has seldom been better drawn. The novel, it need scarcely be added, requires to be read at leisure; but whatever time is given to it will not be regretted. Probably it would very considerably gain upon a second reading. It is certainly somewhat too diffuse as well as a little too long; but when this has been said, the list of defects worth mentioning is exhausted. Of its straightforward strength, its freedom from every sort of affectation and artifice, its excellent style, and its thoroughly healthy tone, it would not be easy to speak too highly. It will not be from want of power to interest and to win sympathy if it fails to attract at any rate the best class of novel-readers.

"A Roman Singer," by F. Marion Crawford (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is a love romance of the old-fashioned sort, in which magnificient operatic tenors serenade high-born ladies who drop them rings and roses, and finally elope with them from the castles in which they are imprisoned; and all this off the stage. At any rate Mr. Crawford gives us one such case in his latest novel. He moreover takes that high poetical view of the Italian musician, which for so long used to charm the world before his natural history was as well understood as it is now. Nor is the romantic love story of Nino Cardegna and Hedwig von Lira the only element of interest that the author provides. The grand and pathetic legend of the Wandering Jew has already deplorably suffered at the hands of fiction, but it has been reserved for Mr. Crawford to burlesque it in the person of a Jewish banker, whose monomania is that he is Ahasuerus, the cobbler of Jerusalem. Those who feel the significance of the tradition will not feel grateful for its distortion into something like farce without the saving grace of humour. At the same time Baron Benoni, though altogether a caricature, has striking points, and his crazy philosophy is not without point as a satire upon much modern philosophy which does not believe itself to be crazed. The form of the novel is not very happy. The story is supposed to be told by a professor supposed to illustrate a thoroughly Italian type of simplicity, shrewdness, pedantry, prejudice, and goodness of nature, and the character is no doubt well conceived. But the old gentleman is far too self-conscious of the rôle fitted for him; and the principal note of the character, his matter-of-fact simplicity, is too obviously the result of pose. In short, he regards himself throughout with the author's eyes, and is always seeming to say, "How simple and yet how shrewd, how unconscious and unaffected, I am!" That Mr. Crawford understands the decaying types of Roman character is clear; and, since no knowledge is much more difficult, his romance acquires some amount of distinction from this feature alone. But he has not been able to obtain dramatic effect out of his knowledge. His personages are but actors, who go through the parts allotted to them creditably, but without ever creating the illusion of reality, while the story reads exceedingly like a study for an operatic libretto, save for its excellence of style.

"Bound Together" (2 vols.: Remington and Co.) will doubtless obtain its full share of success if only for the sake of its common authorship with "Called Back," which gained such signal popularity a few months ago. Mr. F. J. Fargus, now adding his own name to his *nom de plume* of "Hugh Conway," has "bound together" in these volumes six tales that made their separate appearances in magazines previously to the publication of his universally-known story. Readers of *Blackwood* will have special recollection of "The Secret of the Stradivarius," "Fleurette," and "The Bandsman's Story," and will be glad to identify the then anonymous author. The first-named tale is the most full of promise, and most clearly indicates the author's especial gift, that of combining the fantastic with the real. In the important matters of style and form he does not appear to so much advantage; but of his skill in exciting and maintaining interest by simple means there can be no question. In his most fanciful flights he always takes care to remain on solid ground, and never flies over the heads of his readers. His success is a gratifying sign that a dash of poetry in fiction is still more welcome to readers in general than authors commonly suppose.

AN AMERICAN ART COLONY

FIFTEEN years ago Pont-Aven, near Concarneau and Quimperlé, in Southern Brittany, was a primitive village, rarely visited except by a chance tourist. It was then, from an artistic point of view, "discovered" by the late Mr. Robert Wylie, an American artist, and has since been the favourite camping-ground of a group of artists, mostly American, but including other nationalities in their number. Pont-Aven has consequently developed considerably: there are at least two hotels of repute, and a pension; the visitor is reminded that he is in an art-centre by the number of persons under sketching umbrellas who dot the landscape, and by the gratuitously-furnished oil-paintings with which the dining-rooms of the hotels are panelled.

Pont-Aven was attractive to Mr. Wylie and to his artistic com-

patriots, because it possessed in perfection the peculiar picturesque features by which the province of Brittany is distinguished. Quaint costumes, old-fashioned houses with sombre worm-eaten interiors, churches, Calvaries, and innumerable odd little mills—all these curios are to be found there.

The little town, as its name suggests, is situated upon a river, where fly-fishers, by the way, find good sport with trout, and on the banks of this river mills without number are placed, as if purposely for the delectation of the soul of the artist.

In the churchyard of Nizon, a neighbouring village, there is a fine specimen of a Calvary. It is very weather-worn; heads, noses, and hands have disappeared from the figures, but it is invaluable to the painting-colony for putting into the foreground of pictures, and thus giving interest to a bare landscape.

In the opposite direction to Nizon, about a mile from Pont-Aven, is the old Chapel of Tremalo. The building is in itself insignificant, but the place is rendered attractive by its fine avenues of beech trees. The trees are closely planted, and, arching over from their silver trunks, meet at the top. A beech grove extends all the way from the chapel to the river. It bears the name of the "Bois d'Amour," and is a favourite subject for the brethren of the brush.

These gentlemen are energetic seekers after antique cottage-interiors. Here are to be found, unchanged, the fashions of 500 years ago, the deep fireplaces, fire-dogs, and smouldering wood-fuel under the blackened iron pot. Here, too, are to be seen those enormous Breton beds, called *lits clos*, dark with age, and extending from floor to ceiling; high cabinets, neatly displaying the household's ornamental crockery; and dark-polished tables. In curious contrast to these there will often be found a tall gilt-gingerbread clock hailing from Sam Slick's fatherland.

With regard to costumes, those of the men are in colour more artistic than those of the women. Their coats are dark blue, sometimes embroidered in red and gold. The women's gala dresses, some of which are kept carefully wrapped up in paper for all except one or two days in the year, are very tawdry. Bright colours prevail, but the combinations are inharmonious. Nor are the large linen caps and stiff wide collars really becoming, though they often look charming in pictures.

The natives have now become used to painters' ways. Some make a regular business of standing as models. There is a fixed tariff: two francs a day for men, one and a half for women, and one for children.

Prices at the hotels are very reasonable, averaging about five francs a day. At the Pension the boarders pay fifty-five francs a month for board, and about fifteen for a room. There are few places where students can live so cheaply.

For the Americans this place has an especial fascination. Before one young gentleman (this is a literal fact) could be torn away his favourite sister had to cross the Atlantic to use her influence, and she only succeeded after a year's persuasion! Artists stay in Pont-Aven summer and winter alike, indeed, the only time when there is anything like an exodus is when the Paris Salon is first opened. But they all come back again after a week or two. Perhaps the secret of this attractiveness is that the colony is like a large family in a foreign land, self-dependent for its amusements, and therefore inspiring hearty intimacies and friendships.



"HENRY IRVING'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA" (Sampson Low), prepared for publication by the practised hand of Mr. Joseph Hatton, will be read with much interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Americans will be glad that, though Mr. Irving naturally prefers English plates to the little dishes and saucers that they give you in hotels all over the States, he "has not a word to say against American food," and that, as to his welcome, he had "no words in which to express my thanks for your kindness," while, for the future, he hoped "your memories of us will be as agreeable as those we shall cherish of you." They will be gratified, too, with the reflection (made in New York after *The Bells*, the piece in which Mr. Irving made his *début*) that "he speaks like an educated American." Canadians will be pleased that Miss Ellen Terry, in whom the New Yorkers discovered a likeness to Nathaniel Hawthorne's eldest daughter, found "tobogganing splendid pastime, awful, wonderful, magnificent." Mr. Hatton does not (like the traditional Frenchman) add: *et pas cher*; though doubtless he would have done so if Miss Terry had said it, for he puts down everything with more than Boswellian minuteness; the criticisms of the New York managers; the speeches at the Lotos, the Papyrus, the Lambs' Club, and other dinners; the satiric sketch which Irving wrote on board the *Britannic* and which a dentist took in grave earnest. One of the best things is the remark of a Philadelphian negro who had doubted the morality of the stage. The Prince of Morocco in *The Merchant* converted him: "I seed noffin' wicked nor wrong; and it did my heart good to see all dem white folk bowing to be coloured gentleman, and making much of him." English readers will rejoice that this visit was, throughout, a triumphal march for both the distinguished artists, and that the feeling which prompted the Macready riot in New York seems to have wholly passed away. The Americans have a somewhat childlike fondness for reading a great man's *ipissima verba*, and taking note of his minutest actions. Mr. Hatton gratifies them to the full. The conversations with the interviewers are especially interesting. The clever way in which Mr. Irving "fenced" such trying questions as: "Was there any trace of independence in the manner of the audience?" gives one a high opinion of his diplomatic power. "Did your company play up to the standard of their work in the Lyceum?" would have posed a good many good actors. Despite a little too much of this kind of thing, one is glad to compare the English verdict on our great actor with that of educated America. Mr. Irving has reason to be gratified, and he showed his gratification when he announced that he is going to send over to the States a *fac simile* of his Lyceum scenery; part of which he tells us he got out of an old black-letter Italian book from Quaritch's. There is no need for us to recommend these volumes; they speak for themselves. Mr. Irving's admirers will be glad to follow him step by step from New York to St. Louis and up to Niagara. Mr. Hatton prevents the triumphal march from being in the least monotonous.

Mr. Boulger's subject was the very opposite of Mr. Hatton's. In his "History of China" (Allen) he has had to write about what very few care to investigate; and in this third volume he has completed with singular conscientiousness a singularly ungrateful task. No doubt, as he says, "many of the deeds recorded in early Chinese history attained the heroic," but somehow the European world is slow to rank the exploits of a hero named Ho Koong Yai, for instance, with those of the Greeks and Romans. We have even Romanised our own native chiefs, and talk of Boadicea and Caractacus. This third volume, however, appeals more directly to Western sympathies. Beginning with the present century, it traces the growth of foreign interference down to the Treaty of St. Petersburg. Had Mr. Boulger foreseen the close of the Tonquin war, he would probably have said less of "China's ever-growing firmness against foreign Powers." His account of the Anglo-French wars is full and clear, and in describing the Taiping rebellion he has had the advantage of General Gordon's notes, letters, and official papers. His whole work will take high

rank as a standard authority, and this particular volume is full of interest to the general reader.

Mr. John Burroughs is well-known to readers of the *Century*; and we are glad to welcome "Pepacton" (D. Douglas, Edinburgh), and to find it is only one of a series of the author's works, daintily printed, pocket-size, at 1s. the volume. Pepacton is the eastern branch of the Delaware; it means "the marriage of the waters," and the book links many subjects, all treated with much freshness and with a love of Nature as deep as it is intelligent. Mr. Burroughs protests against the notion that American wild flowers are scentless—the scented ones are more shy and retiring than their European cousins, that is all. He also lifts up his voice against the poets of his country for miscalling their birds by English names. He is national, too, in regard to springs, rejoicing that our biggest—St. Winifred's Well—flows less than three barrels to the second, while Caledonia Spring in Western New York flows eighty. We know no pleasanter companion for a sojourn in an English village than this very suggestive little book. There is plenty of poetical criticism in it, and plenty of natural history without a touch of pedantry.

Most of Mr. Lilly's "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought" (Chapman and Hall) has already appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere. But this reprint is by no means a collection of disconnected papers. Its object is to show that of modern thought (of which Mr. Lilly assumes Schopenhauer to be the exponent) the last word is pessimism, and that the pessimistic argument is unanswerable save by faith; while faith, in Mr. Lilly's view, means Roman Catholicism. He says, with Cardinal Newman, "to believe in a Church (*i.e.*, in a Divine message) is to believe in the Pope." Immediately after quoting which dictum, he goes on to give a masterly sketch of the great non-Christian religions of the world, including "The Buddha's First Sermon" (the analogue of our "Sermon on the Mount") from Mr. Rhys Davies, in Vol. XI. of the "Sacred Books of the East." But, lucid as is this sketch, and lively as are the dialogues between Damon and Pythias, most readers will prefer the chapter which treats of Dr. Newman. We seldom think of his influence in the Church which he has joined; yet it has been even greater than his influence on that which he left. Those who are accustomed to Roman Catholic exegesis will not be astonished to find Mr. Lilly talking of verbal inspiration in a way rather startling to Bible Protestants.

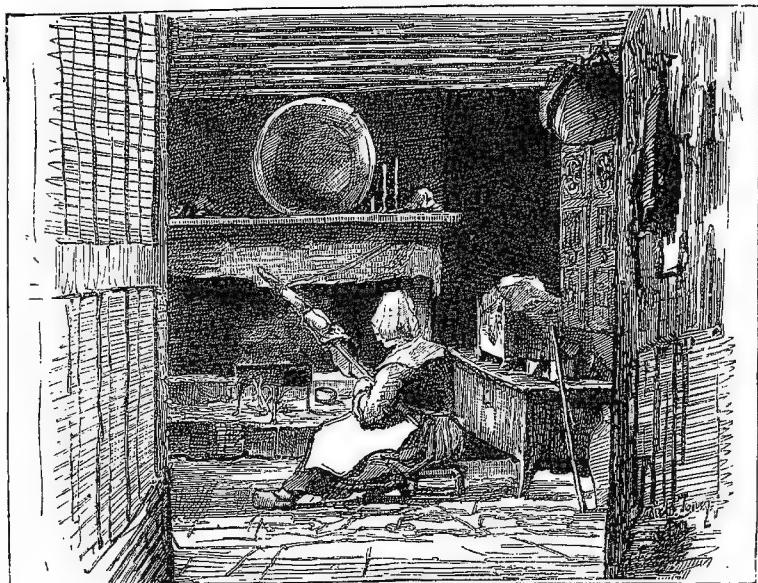
Others, besides Bible Protestants, will demur to such changes as "God is our refuge and stronghold, fully proved as a help in troubles," for the familiar "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in troubles." But this is hardly a fair sample of the new volume of the "Parchment Series," "The Book of Psalms, Translated by T. K. Cheyne" (Kegan Paul). The old *cruis* in Ps. lxxviii. is made easier by substituting for our unintelligible Bible and Prayer Book versions, "Before your pots can feel the thorns, and while your flesh is still raw, the hot wrath (of Jehovah) shall sweep it away." Even here one asks why "Before" for "Or ever?" though here, as elsewhere, the Bible translators set an example of needless alteration. "Little less than divine" we will not accept in Ps. viii. in lieu of "a little lower than the angels;" on the other hand it is a comfort in Ps. xlxi. to have "the malice of my foes" replacing "the wickedness of my heels." But, however we may regret occasional word-changes, there is no doubt that in the hands of such an accomplished Hebraist as Mr. Cheyne all that was possible has been done in removing real defects. The gaps which he has left show that this was not always possible. But the gaps are few, and all Hebrew scholars will admit the value of the happy conjectural emendations for which he is sometimes indebted to Dr. Gustav Bickell. The introduction is a masterly essay on Hebrew poetry, showing its affinities with Accadian and Babylonian. We are sorry Mr. Cheyne did not publish the apocryphal eighteen Psalms of Solomon.

Lady Martin's "Our Maoris" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) takes a rather rose-coloured view of the result to the native New Zealander of contact with the white man. Side by side she sets four portraits, three of tattooed chiefs, one of a young Maori; but, though the latter is a picked man, healthy, intelligent, more handsome than most Englishmen, we almost prefer the face of "the old savage" who, like Constantine, never could make up his mind to be baptised. "The bad conduct of two of his Christian sons was a great stumbling block to him." So was the fact that if he was baptised he would have to pick out one of his wives and desert the others. Christian chiefs, though not always willing to cast off their extra wives, readily accepted the enormous self-denial of freeing their slaves, and thereby losing their *prestige*; what puzzled them was that our laws are so severe about pilfering: "You put people in prison for such small things," said a chief to Judge Martin. Questions such as land-hunger and the decay of the native race are not touched on; but still the book is very interesting—not least in its glance at the Melanesian Mission.

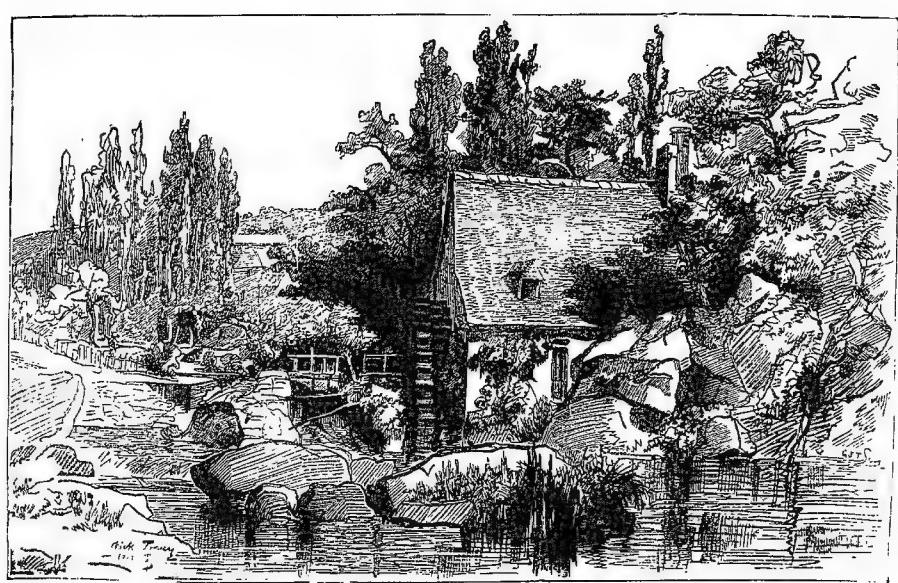
In "New Light On Some Obscure Words and Phrases in the Works of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries" (Reeves and Turner) Dr. Mackay carries out the idea which ran through his "Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe," showing that for *bilboes* we must not look to Bilboa, but in the sense of rapier to the Keltic *buail-bo* (hand-thruster), and in the sense of stocks to *buaille-bo* (cow-stall). "Richer than doing nothing for a babe" (*Cymbeline*, III., 3) should be *brabe*, from *breab* (a kick, or scornful repulse); while "Call me, custume me" (*Henry V.*, IV., 4) is the Irish *Cailin oge a stor mi* (little young girl, my treasure). Essex's soldiers (the play was first acted in 1600) had caught the air and chorus, and made it popular in London. *Tom Tidler*, again, is not Tom the Idler, but *Tom-tiodlach* (hill of treasure); while *Duca-dum*, the cry of those who dispossess the intruder, is *Duthaich-do-mi* (the estate of me). *Meiny*, adapted by Mr. Ruskin from *King Lear*, is *muinne* (retinue); and so of a score more, for some of which Dr. Mackay's derivations are convincing, though we cannot believe that Mephistopheles is *Mi-fos-diabol* (mis-knowledge devil). Shakespeare's connection with Wales is an interesting subject; Dr. Mackay perhaps thought *Mab* (young), and *Puck* (*Pwca*, elf) too well known to need mention. We do hope he will be encouraged to carry out the work of which this admirable tract is a specimen.

NATIVES IN INDIA still adopt strange crazes, notwithstanding the advance of education. Just now there is a "Sapper Scare" at Bangalore, and native servants refuse to stir abroad after dark, believing that the Sappers will annex their heads as a sacrifice to the gods to ensure success in the public works begun there. In Madras the ignorant Hindoos steadily object to be vaccinated, even during the late small-pox outbreak, considering that the disease is the work of a goddess, whose visitation should not be checked. Accordingly a native gentleman of more enlightened opinions publishes the following effusion to convince his superstitious countrymen:—

"Awake, arise, or be for ever lost,
So rightly spake c'en erring Satan false;
My active townsmen, which dire Elf enthrals
You now, and makes you doze when Small-pox's Ghost
So ruthlessly your brethren poor doth roar,
Ha! shroudings prematurely some with palls?
When many a babe, ah! like a rosebud falls
A victim poor to this infernal frost?
Awake, arise! and scare away amin!
That phantom foul with Vaccination's wand
Yourselves from pangs and sudden death right same;
Care not for Superstition's threats so vain,
For our Dhawantari doth well command
Us so to do; and so doth Jenner brave."



OLD BRETON INTERIOR



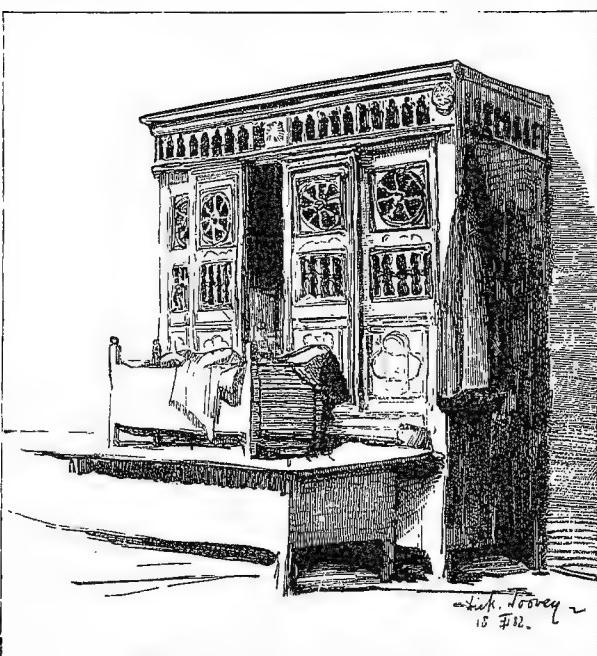
MILL AT PONT-AVEN



OLD BRETON HOUSES



CALVARY AT NIZON

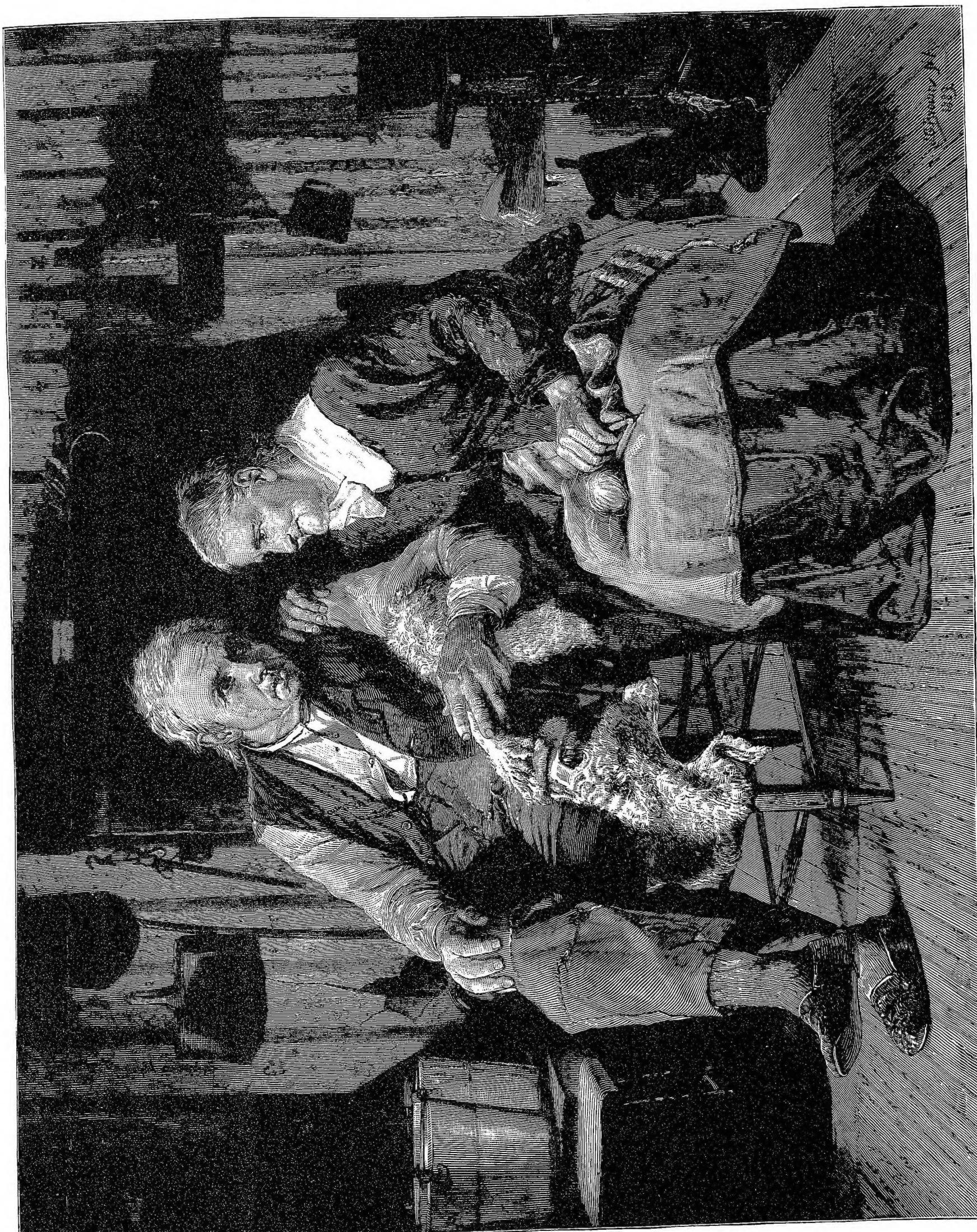


AN OLD WARDROBE AND CRADLE



BOIS D'AMOUR, PONT-AVEN

AN AMERICAN ART COLONY IN SOUTHERN BRITTANY



"OLD FOLKS AT HOME"
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN

COUNTRY JUSTICES

No body of men has been more exposed to the sharp fire of criticism and the keen blasts of ridicule than have Country Justices of the Peace. From Shakespeare down to the weakest lampooner who ever lived in Grub Street, every man who could handle a pen, who could write what the world or himself deemed smart things, has felt that the Country Justice was his legitimate prey.

During the last two or three generations the Country Justice has been chosen from the ranks of men who almost of necessity are educated as well as wealthy. But it was not always so.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the income which qualified a man to be a Justice of the Peace was 20*l.* per year of the currency then existing, equal in value to about 250*l.* per year according to our standard. It happened, therefore, that during the reigns of the Tudors magistrates were persons possibly of active temperaments, but often extremely illiterate. Justice Shallow's description of himself was appropriate enough: "I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor squire of this county, and one of the King's Justices of the Peace." Clerks to Justices were not in his days what they have since become. Justice Shallow's clerk, Master Davy, was cumbered with much serving, his mind being in a continual muddle of summonses, plough-irons, precepts, and new buckets. Happily for Justice Shallow and his contemporaries, the laws of England were easily understandable, and required no commentaries or cases to explain their meaning. Acts of Parliament, instead of occupying countless pages, were compressed into a few pithy sentences. The niceties of language had not then been invented, and consequently words expressed, instead of hiding thoughts.

Henry VIII., in a few terse sentences, settled the Land Question of his day as only such an autocrat could. What the lawyers term "the recitals" briefly stated the case, and then the emphatic "Be it enacted," clenched the business in half-a-dozen lines. With no fear of Courts of Appeal before their eyes, and very little prospect of the King's censure, it is not surprising that squires—for they were little better—should sometimes have committed acts sufficiently grotesque and mischievous to inspire Shakespeare's lines respecting "Man dressed in a little brief authority." Indeed, it is not improbable that Shakespeare wrote out of the fulness of his own heart after being compelled, because of his peccadilloes, to submit to the hectoring of a flesh-and-blood Justice Shallow.

The work of the magistrates was by no means light. Although the population of the country has increased in a tenfold proportion, and the conditions of society have altogether changed, the law and its application have become so uncertain, and the law's delays so vexatious, that many persons are now deterred from litigation whose inclinations lie in that direction. But three hundred years ago there was short shrift, and quick sentence for the evil-doer. The Country Justice relied upon his servant, who was butler, farm bailiff, clerk, and constable rolled into one, and the servant, presuming he was honest, relied upon his instincts for the detection of crime. They had the knack of calling a spade a spade in those days, and the criminal was a very marked character. The sumptuary laws regulated the various conditions of men, and it was not very easy for the man of light-fingered propensities to masquerade in a dress belonging to his social superiors. The vagabond bore the "mark of the beast" on his forehead, and it would have required greater stupidity than that of Master Davy to mistake a virtuous person for a wrong doer. But for all that the magistrates had a sufficiency of work, and especially in time of war, when recruits were daily being brought before them for the purpose of enlistment.

If we are to believe the humourists of the Elizabethan period, the magistrate could not, to use a homely phrase, help "having his crack" whenever an opportunity offered. The picture which Ben Jonson draws of Justice Clement, seated in his house in Coleman Street, and giving lessons on the meaning of words to Master Brainworm, is excruciatingly funny:—"You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah? Away with him to the jail: I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir."

In process of time, as the "statutes at large" began to deserve their name, the work of the magistrates increased accordingly. Justice Shallow and his tribe were never compelled to listen to the pleadings of an attorney on behalf of any of the defendants brought before them. But by Fielding's days the duties of the magistrates had become more onerous. If the picture of Squire Western was really drawn from life it cannot be said that later days had brought better manners. It is true that Squire Western has a highly respectable set-off in the person of Mr. Allworthy; but it would have required more than Mr. Allworthy could accomplish to balance this very peculiar Justice of the Peace. "Your ignorance, brother," said Mrs. Western, "as the great Milton says, almost subdues my patience." "D— Milton," answered the Squire. "If he had the impudence to say so to my face I'd lend him a dose of that he was never so great a man." Fielding himself, as a metropolitan magistrate, gives us many a racy glimpse of the characters of suitors in his comedies. The world was no better then assuredly than it is now, although they were "the good old times." But perhaps it was not much worse, vice taking no pains to disguise itself.

Within the last hundred years or so the Country Justice has become a person of great importance. County government is not nearly so ancient as it is sometimes supposed to be. Perhaps it is nearer the truth to say that the second era of county government is not ancient. The system which existed in the time of the Saxons was, considering the primitive nature of things, very near perfection. The feudal system, however, gradually obliterated all traces of self-government which had previously existed. The great baron became more and more a king in his own country, and although the Court Leet exercised a rough and ready justice without much favour or affection, that justice was bestowed, not as the people's right, but as the baron's prerogative. It was not until the present century had dawned that the Country Justices began to exercise a cohesive authority on county matters. Within the last ten years a part of that authority has been removed, the prisons no longer being under the control of the magistrates, but belonging directly to the Crown. Still, the change which set in with the century made its mark upon the men. It may be that the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant has sometimes been used for party purposes. But nevertheless, Lord Lieutenants have had sufficient discrimination to choose, generally speaking, only men who could commit others without, like Mr. Nupkins, committing themselves. The Country Justice is no longer a person to be laughed at. He may perhaps take an inordinate delight in fox-hunting, but as a rule his foibles are not such as to expose him to the contempt of the world.

T. H. N.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

The author of "The Lord's Day," an essay attempted in verse (Glasgow: Thomas Murray), states in his introductory remarks that "in blank" (*subaud*: verse) "the thoughts may flow as easily as in prose," and it is a pity he did not employ the latter medium for a dreary tract advocating an almost Judaic Sabbatharianism. There is an extraordinary chart which we really had not patience wholly to examine, but it seems to embody a system of chemical divinity.

"From Year to Year," by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A. (Sampson Low), is a new edition of poems and hymns somewhat similar in design to Ken's and Keble's "Christian Year," and though inferior to either of these in poetical merit, will no doubt find favour with many.

There are passages that may please in "Echoes of the City," by

Edwin C. Smales (Manchester: J. J. Allen), but the contents, as a whole, are amateurish. Perhaps the best piece is "The Old Showman," which has some rough humour.

After so candid an admission as is conveyed in the title of "Rigmarole Charades in Doggerel Rhymes," by Stephen Pye (Paris: E. Tellier), it would be unfair to judge the little volume from a poetic point of view. There is plenty of innocent nonsense in it which may amuse the young, whilst the *croquis* by Signor Uberti are clever, and often humorous.

"Old Year Leaves, being Old Verses Revived," by H. T. MacKenzie Bell (Elliot Stock), is, as the title implies, chiefly a reprint of former volumes which have already received attention in our pages. The concluding sonnets do not greatly enhance the value of the work.

In "The Wind and the Whirlwind," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt (Kegan Paul), we have a scathing denunciation, in somewhat indifferent verse, of the late war in Egypt, combined with an eulogium of some unnamed hero—query, Arabi Pasha?—and the most hideous prognostications as to the future of Great Britain. But perhaps the mother country may manage to survive even this modern jeremiad.

"Abel: A Tragedy," by Frances Henry Cliffe (Remington), must be pronounced a failure. The supernatural machinery which preponderates, to the exclusion of serious human interest, is cumbersome; the opening suggests weak reminiscences of *Comus*; and the metre is far from being faultless. As has been said of a greater work, Satan is the real hero.

"Chips: Another 'Tribute of Song'" (E. W. Allen) is a weak satire, by an anonymous author, on the present Government administration, and is not likely to produce any startling revolution in the existing state of affairs.

"Hope, Life's Treasurer," by "O. B. A." (Hamor House, Hornsey Rise), is a little didactic pamphlet, doubtless intended for private circulation, and consequently hardly coming within the scope of serious criticism. Otherwise it might be said that weakness and rather jejune piety are its distinguishing characteristics.

A not particularly interesting poem on the downfall of the Teutonic Order is "Conrad Vallenrod," an historical poem, by Adam Mitskiertch, translated from the Polish by Michael H. Dziewicki (Richardson and Son). The character of the Lithuanian avenger is fairly well set forth, and it is not impossible that in the original, and amongst those to whose sympathies it specially appeals, the poem may be effective. It is hardly fair to judge of it in a translation. The hexameters are not much worse than such attempts in English as a general rule; and the blank verse is careful.

The danger of injudicious friendly criticism is plainly shown in "Poems," by Claud Vincent (*Algate Monthly Office*). We can find nothing in the little volume to warrant the rather extravagant praise lavished upon it in the prefatory notice and sonnet. The table of errata might, with advantage, have been enlarged; the author does not seem to have a particularly musical ear; and we should really like to know the meaning of the following stanza from a piece entitled "In Blue Water":—

I would thy godly sleep,
Back seas unknown,
Poetic, blue, and deep!
Without a groan
Enwrap me with, nor longer leap.

GUYING THE DRAMA

THE frequently recurring instances, when the production of new pieces at theatres is marked by unseemly disturbance, made by certain portions of the playgoing public, threaten to grow into a custom that can hardly be considered either as contributing to the welfare of the drama or as reflecting much honour upon those individuals who arrogate to themselves the right of pronouncing judgment, not only without taking other people's opinions into consideration, but before the play they so humorously condemn has been heard and seen to its end. It is probable that the modern theatre has always attracted those wits who have more liking for their own humour than they possess for that of the author. As S. T. Coleridge said in 1818, to describe woods clothing a hill which overlooks a valley, he could only use the phrase "hanging woods. Yet let some wit call out, in a slang tone, 'The gallows!' and a peal of laughter would damn the play." Plays are not so sorely damned nowadays, but of course such a gruesome jest would at any time be prejudicial.

There has been a certain defence suggested for the noisy disturbers of first nights—to the purport that they are not comfortable, and are therefore to be excused if their personal inconvenience renders them a little captious. As habitual assisters at first nights at the play—for strangers would not venture to interrupt a performance with their ready chaff—these gentlemen know precisely the sort of accommodation their small silver will obtain for them; thus, as their personal annoyance is cognisantly incurred, they have no manner of right to disturb the comfort of others who have paid for it, nor to attempt to injure the author and performers of a new play, upon the plea that their seats are too far off, or too high up, or are overmuch crowded.

We would remind our readers that the pit of the present day represents to a very small extent the pit that rose at Edmund Kean. First of all, as regards position in the theatre. There are very few houses of any note that have not from six to twelve rows of stalls, which occupy the better portion of the parterre, and thus drive their smaller-paying patrons beneath the dress circle or balcony. At this moment we are neither advocating nor condemning the change; but it has for result that the frequenters of the pit are not only very much reduced in number, as regards their proportion to the other divisions of the audience, but, from their place of observation and hearing, are not so well qualified to criticise as were their grandfathers, when stalls were unknown in an English theatre.

But more than this, merely by a money standard, the pit, whose admiration was pronounced as of greater importance than the opinion of Lord Hastings, was far above the *habitués* of the same part of a theatre of to-day. The celebrated O. P. riots at Covent Garden were caused by John Kemble's trying to raise the price of admission to the boxes from 6*s.* to 7*s.*, and to the pit from 3*s. 6d.* to 4*s.*. Thus, with the exception of the private boxes, there was no part of the theatre where the occupiers had paid twice as much as the patrons of the pit had to disburse to obtain their places. In the compromise which, after sixty-seven nights' discord, was effected, the pit went back to its original rate, with 2*s.* for half-price; thus the highest charge in the house, for a public seat was only the double of the former. Pits that dominate over the repose of the stalls in front of them are now filled by visitors who have paid one-fourth or one-fifth of that expended by the ladies and gentlemen sent comparatively a far larger sum seventy or eighty years ago than it does at present. It was a 3*s. 6d.* pit which supported Mr. Macready, and it may be frankly admitted that in that part of Drury Lane and Covent Garden the great tragedian found his firmest, his staunchest, and probably most appreciative admirers. But the pit people of those days were not at all like the pit people of to-day, and we must suggest that the actors' reverence for the verdict of the pit is, to some extent, based upon inherited impressions. It has at least the drawback of being the judgment of reduced numbers.

The pit of the past also had some influence over the occupants of the gallery. To-day the "gods" can hardly see the "groundlings," and are in a very slight degree influenced by them. But we believe that these first-night disturbances are but few in number, although

regular in their unwelcome attendance on such occasions. When *The Merchant of Venice* was produced at the Prince of Wales's in April, 1875 (a new departure upon which the management had expended much money and no less care), a date was put to the story of the play, and considerable research was used in mounting it to avoid anything like anachronism. But this historical correctness involved a costume which was not only unknown but unacceptable to the critics of the upper circle. The unfortunate man who wore the obnoxious dress had to stand for some time near the footlights there subject to the "wit" that the occasion certainly did not warrant. This railing was very sternly condemned by a critic in his weekly paper. But what was the result? For some time after he and the proprietor of his paper could not go to a theatre on a first night without being hooted at by individuals in pit and gallery. Indeed, on one occasion, at the Criterion Theatre, the owner of the offending journal happened to be accompanied by Signor Salvini, who had at the time but recently made his first appearance on an English stage, and who looked considerably puzzled at the extraordinary outburst of popular indignation as his party entered the stalls.

This incident in the "Curiosities of Journalism" proves to a great extent that the demonstrative gentlemen of pit and gallery in turn, or the proprietor and critic would not have provoked the same hostility wherever they went, even if they had been recognised, a supposition which is hardly probable. Thus we come to the reasonable deduction that in very many cases premature and unfair "guying" comes from a small and noisy minority, whose visit to a theatre can hardly be said to help dramatic art. Disappointed authors and angry managers may be inclined to exclaim, without thought, that there is organised opposition; but we believe, for the most part, that these first-night ebullitions arise from the fortuitous concourse of atoms, each of which is on the look-out for the display of his peculiar talent of taunting the actors.

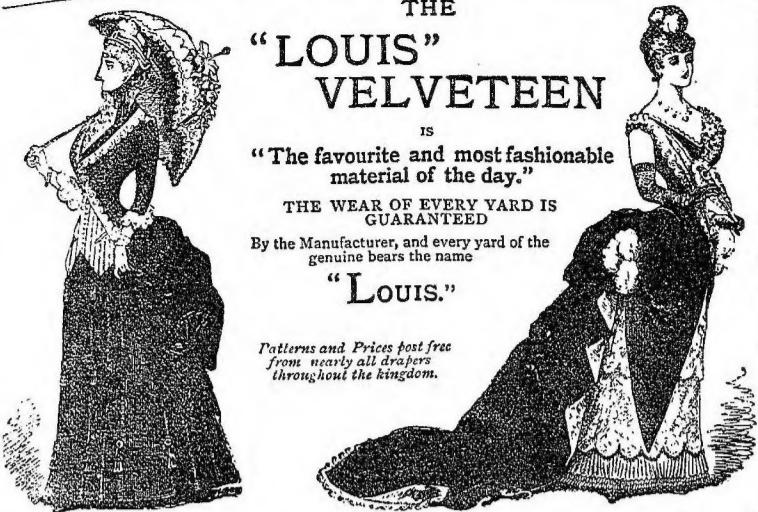
We must, however, remark that these small minorities could not so assert themselves if their numerous neighbours did not permit them to do so. And we may probably find in the widespread love of burlesque, which has had a pretty long existence now, the secret of the facility with which audiences are induced to change their serious interest in a play into a mocking enjoyment of it. The man who has seen Othello depicted as a Christy Minstrel will be subject to memories associated with the character that will be likely to assert themselves when he least expects or desires them. If this can be said of one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, how much more surely may it be asserted of any modern production? And here, we think, is to be found the secret of the facility with which a present day audience follows the lead of first-night mockers. No drama whose success has given it a popularity tempting to the burlesque writer is sacred from his audacious pen. Audiences whose strongest sympathies and most sorrowful emotions have been aroused by incidents and situations at one theatre, will find them subjects for their loudest laughter when produced under the guise of caricature at another. We are not discussing in any way the loss or advantage to the stage in this modern system, which has certainly got rid of heavy fathers and black-bearded villains to a considerable and commendable extent. We would only say that the caricature reflection of contemporary dramas, which are founded upon serious interest, is apt to give an instability to the minds of average players, and to render them too much inclined to laugh where they should sigh.

But to return to the railers. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says, "People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witicism." So it is with a dramatic performance. The jests that interrupt an actor's words most surely overturn the general audience's train of thought, however much they may delight the speakers. Surely (with few exceptions) every play, the outcome of much thought, labour, and cost of production, deserves a fair trial, but how can it be honestly judged if mockery assail it before it is half-finished?



EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Both words and music of "The Weaver's Daughter," the former anonymous, the latter by Annie Armstrong, are piquante and original; this song is of the narrative school, and of medium compass; a favourable reception and a long career may be anticipated for this pleasing composition.—It is often difficult to find a pretty and simple song for a young girl in her teens; "Make-Believes," written and composed by Claxton Bellamy and W. Jos. Bailey will meet this perplexity; it tells of two little gutter children making an imaginary garden on the pavement in a London court. The idea is daintily carried out. The compass is from F, first space, to the octave above.—Of the same type for a contralto is "Loving Hands," words by Harold Wynne, music by Seymour Smith.—A pleasing song for a soprano is "The Recall," written and composed by Barry Cornwall and C. A. Macirone.—Two songs of the ultra-sentimental school are "Tribute of Love" (a serenade), words by Alpheus Morrison, music by F. Kilvington Hattersley; and "An Autumn Wind," written and composed by Dr. George Macdonald and W. A. C. Cruickshank.—Four songs of a bright and cheery type, suitable for responses to encores for more serious compositions, are respectively, "At the Stepping Stones," a charming little ballad, words by Beatrice Abercrombie, music by the popular veteran, J. L. Hatton.—"Just to Pass the Time Away," the naive words by Mary M. Lemon, music by George Fox.—"The Last of the Boys," a joyful tale of four sailors' loves and courtships, and "The Bare-Footed Friar," the racy words of which, by Sir Walter Scott, will raise a smile on the gravest lips; the appropriate music by J. Saxon Swaine.—Young pianistes will find a true friend in Heinrich Lichner, who has composed for their use a dozen very melodious pieces, entitled collectively, "Pictures of Youth," No. I., "A Morning Prayer," is the prettiest of the group; it will win an encore for the juvenile performer, who may respond to it with No. III., a lively "March." "Resolution" (No. II.), and "In the Playground" (IV.) may pair off together. "In the Tilt-yard" (V.) and "Longings" (VI.) may follow suit, but the numbers should be reversed. "Minuet" (VII.) and "Polonaise" (IX.) are as good a contrast as "A Sad Foreboding" (VIII.), and "Joy and Happiness" (X.); "Arioso" (XI.) and "Nocturne" (XII.) are the least interesting of the series.—Three very charming pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are "Aubade" (morning serenade), by Michael Watson; "Gavotte in C," Ed. Ryloff; and "Pur et Simple," by Sidney Smith.

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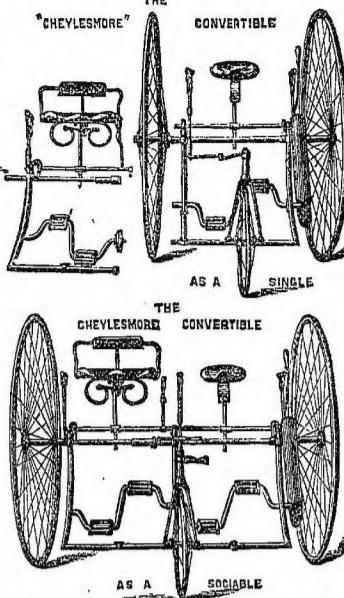
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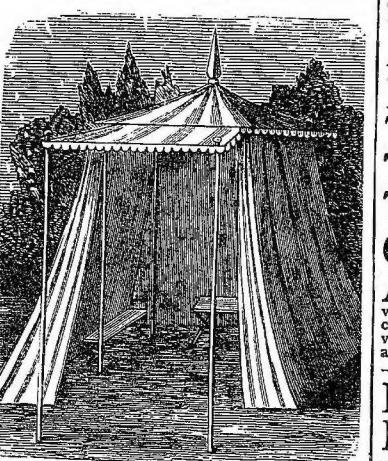
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